

Brave Cowpokes Skedaddled In Panic... THE PHANTOM COACH OF GHOST VALLEY



KID

10¢

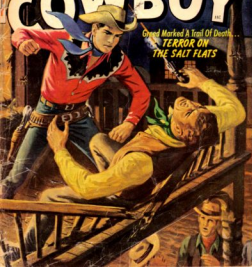
No. 9

SEPT. OCT.

COWBOY

Good Marked A Trail Of Death...

**TERROR ON
THE SALT FLATS**



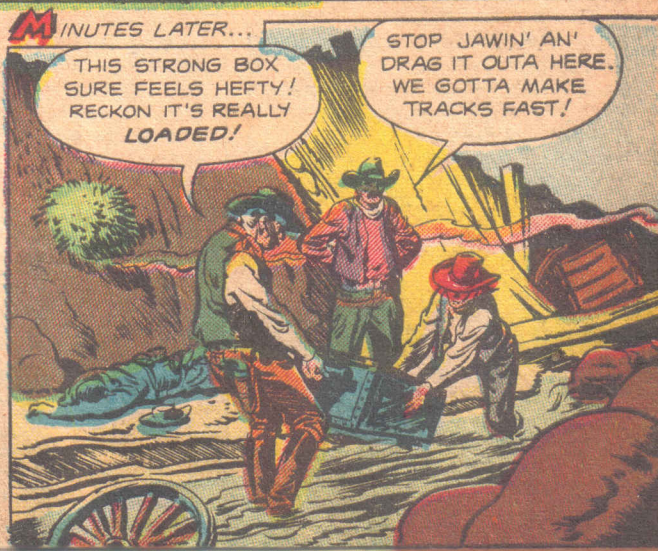
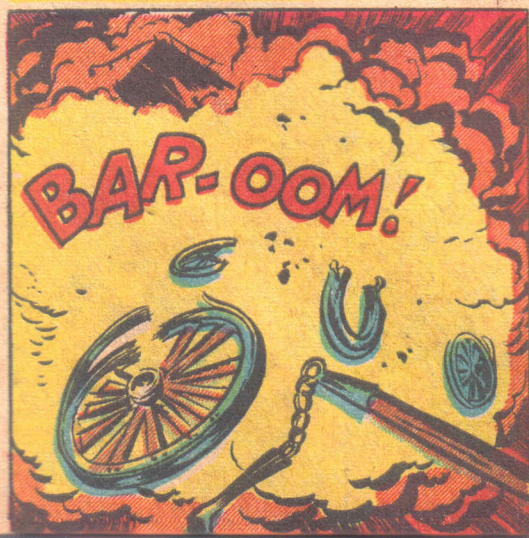


WEB COMIC
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HOOFS THUNDER IN THE DISTANCE. THE RANGELAND STRETCHES FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE IN VAST, MAJESTIC SILENCE. BUT, CROUCHING BEHIND ROCKY COVER, A BAND OF HARDENED GUN-MEN LEAN FORWARD TENSELY AS THE PRAIRIE JUNCTION STAGE LURCHES NOISILY TOWARD ECHO BRIDGE...

KID COWBOY

in "Sagebrush Napoleon"

#8

THAT SAME AFTERNOON, KID COWBOY IS ON HAND AS THE SHERIFF FACES AN ANGRY GROUP OF CITIZENS...

IT'S AN **OUTRAGE**, SHERIFF! THIS IS THE THIRD STAGE ROBBERY IN THE PAST SIX MONTHS! AS CHAIRMAN OF THE PRAIRIE JUNCTION CITIZENS' COMMITTEE, I HOLD **YOU** RESPONSIBLE!

IF YOU'D GIVE ME A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN, MR. CORY, I'D--

EXPLAIN **NOTHING**! TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS OF THAT STOLEN MONEY WAS FOR A NEW TOWN HALL! HOW DO I EXPLAIN **THAT** TO THE PEOPLE OF PRAIRIE JUNCTION?

YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL THEM THE TRUTH, MR. COREY!

BUT THAT MEANS TELLIN' 'EM THAT THE MEMBERS OF YOUR COMMITTEE WERE THE **ONLY** ONES, BESIDES THE SHERIFF, WHO KNEW ABOUT THE STAGE TRANSFERTIN' THE MONEY FROM ABILENE TO OUR TOWN'S NEW BANK!

IF YOU'RE ACCUSING OUR COMMITTEE, RANDY DIX, I-I'LL

PARDON ME, MR. CORY, THE LAD HAS A POINT, BUT IT'S STILL NO REASON TO FIGHT AMONG OURSELVES.

TRUE, THE DAMAGE HAS BEEN DONE, BUT PRAIRIE JUNCTION WILL STILL HAVE ITS NEW TOWN HALL. IT WILL PLEASE ME TO DONATE \$2,000 OF MY OWN MONEY FOR THE PURPOSE!

YOU'LL DO THAT?

THAT'S MIGHTY GENEROUS OF YUH, MR. WILKES. OF COURSE YOU'LL GET BACK EVERY PENNY ONCE WE CATCH THEM THIEVIN' HOMBRES.

IT'S MY PLEASURE, SHERIFF. SINCE COMING TO TOWN, MY REAL ESTATE OFFICE HAS DONE QUITE WELL. THIS IS MY LITTLE WAY OF SAYING THANKS.

MAYBE I'M WRONG, BUT HIS OFFER CAME A LITTLE TOO QUICK TO SUIT ME. RECKON I'LL DROP PAST HIS PLACE TONIGHT...

LATE THAT NIGHT, ALBERT WILKES HAS AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR...

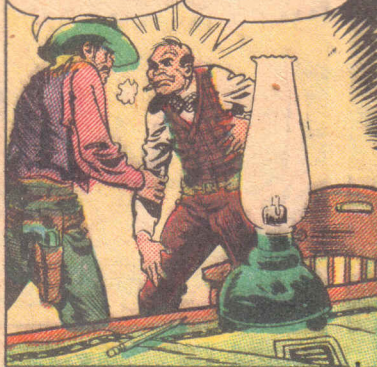
HAWKINS!
I'VE WARNED
YOU NEVER
TO--

PIPE DOWN
YUH LITTLE
WEASEL!
WE'VE GOT A
SCORE TO
SETTLE!



I'VE JEST GOT WIND ABOUT
YORE FANCY DONATION. YUH
NEVER LIFTED A FINGER
TUH GET ANY OF THE
LOOT, BUT YUH
SURE TOSS IT
AROUND FREE
AND EASY!

SHUT UP,
YOU FOOL--
AND LISTEN!



IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY BRAINS, THERE
WOULDN'T BE ANY LOOT. SURE I
GAVE TWO THOUSAND, BUT WE GRABBED
FIFTEEN. THAT LEAVES US A NEAT
PROFIT. BESIDES, IT IMPROVES MY
STANDING
IN TOWN.



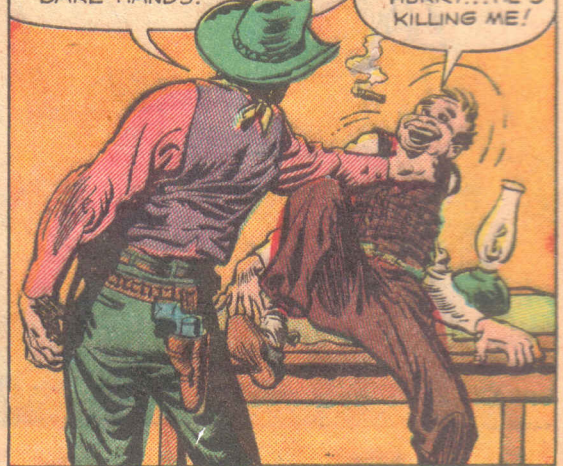
PEOPLE WILL TRUST ME ALL THE MORE.
I'LL BE IN A POSITION TO GET MORE
INFORMATION ON PAYROLLS AND BANK
DELIVERIES. THAT MEANS MORE
PROFIT FOR ALL OF US.
NOW DO YOU GET IT?

YEAH-- I
GIT IT, ALL
RIGHT!



BUT **YOU** GIT THIS! CROSS
ME AN' THE BOYS AN' WE'LL
STRANGLE YUH WITH OUR
BARE HANDS!

LET GO
CHOKER?...
HELP! WILLIE,
HURRY... HE'S
KILLING ME!



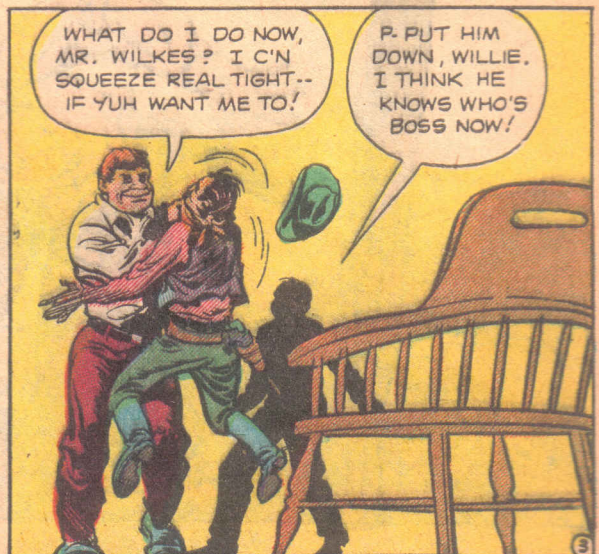
SUDDENLY...

WHAT--!
AARRGHH!



WHAT DO I DO NOW,
MR. WILKES? I C'N
SQUEEZE REAL TIGHT--
IF YUH WANT ME TO!

P. PUT HIM
DOWN, WILLIE.
I THINK HE
KNOWS WHO'S
BOSS NOW!





DON'T EVER SHOW YOUR STUPID FACE AROUND HERE AGAIN. YOU'LL GET YOUR ORDERS FOR THE NEXT JOB IN THE USUAL WAY -- NOW **CLEAR OUT!!**

I-I'M GOIN'! JEST KEEP THET BIG GRIZZLY OFF'N ME!



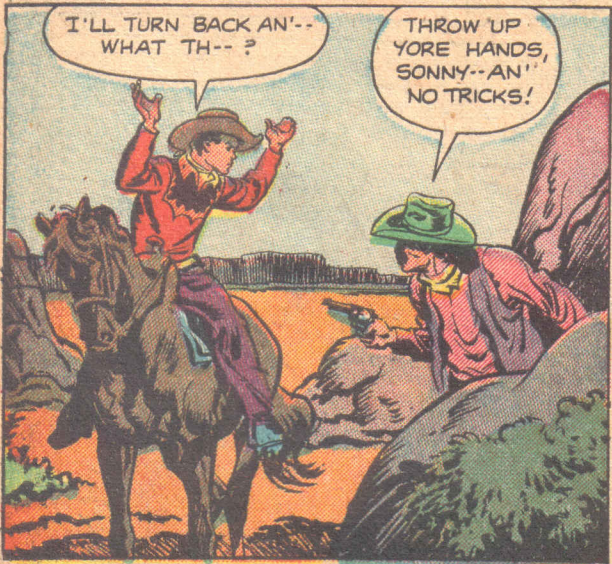
BUT HAWKINS' DEPARTURE IS CAREFULLY NOTED BY KEEN EYES.

THAT HOMBRE SURE LEFT WILKES' PLACE IN AN AWFUL HURRY. MEAN LOOKING CUSS, TOO. RECKON I'LL JUST TRAIL ALONG AN' SEE WHERE HE'S HEADIN'!



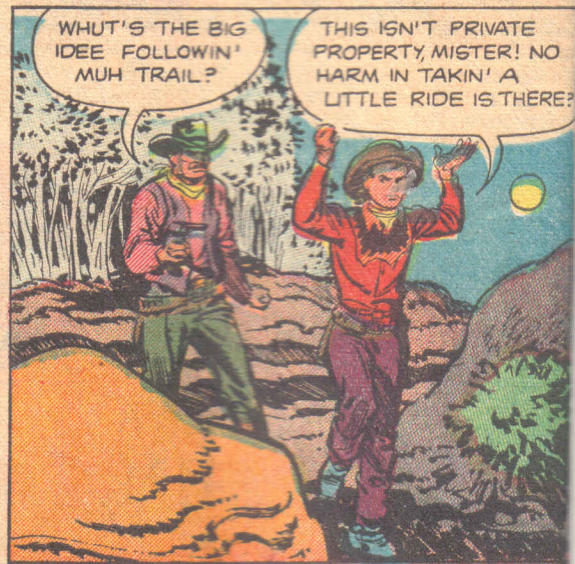
MINUTES LATER...

THAT'S FUNNY... HE'S GONE! HE MUST'VE TAKEN A TURN OFF ON THAT LAST FORK IN THE TRAIL.



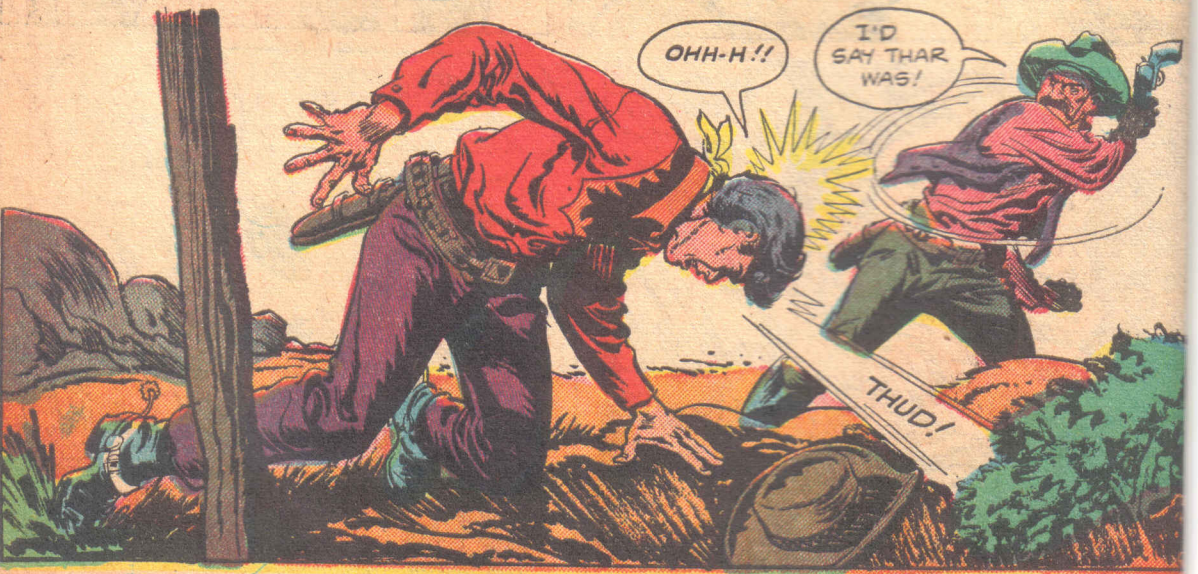
I'LL TURN BACK AN'-- WHAT TH--?

THROW UP YORE HANDS, SONNY--AN' NO TRICKS!



WHUT'S THE BIG IDEE FOLLWIN' MUH TRAIL?

THIS ISN'T PRIVATE PROPERTY, MISTER! NO HARM IN TAKIN' A LITTLE RIDE IS THERE?



OHH-H!!

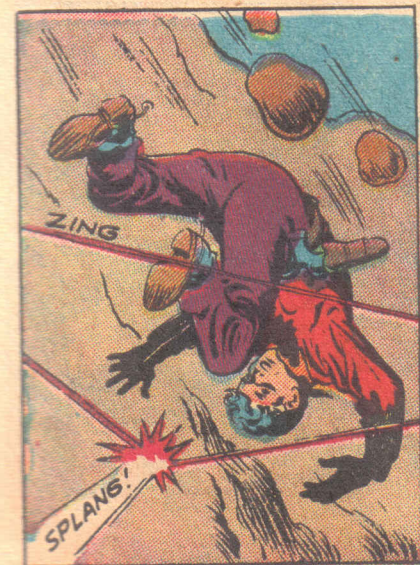
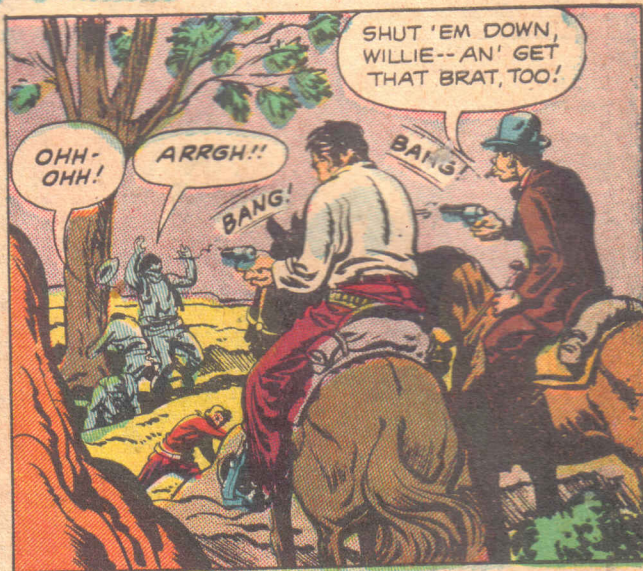
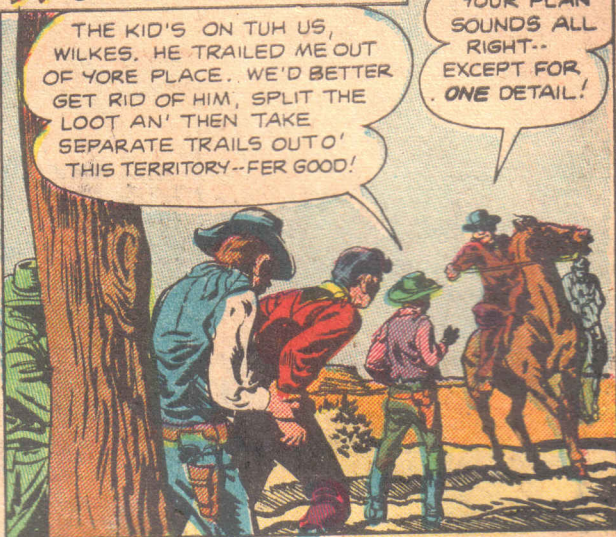
I'D SAY THAR WAS!

THUD!

AN HOUR LATER, WHEN KID COWBOY COMES TO...



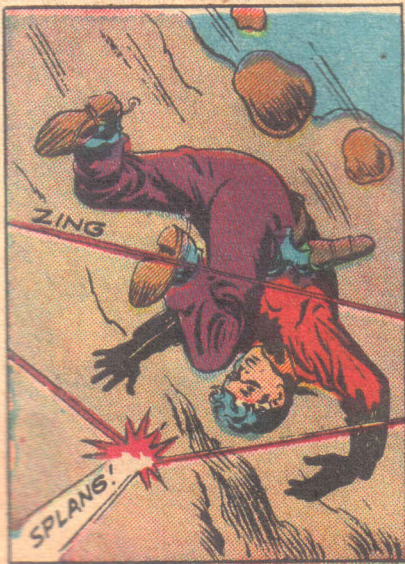
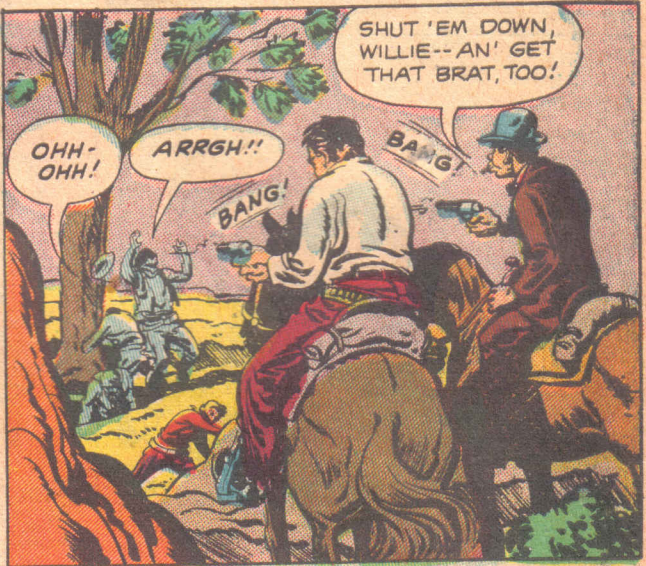
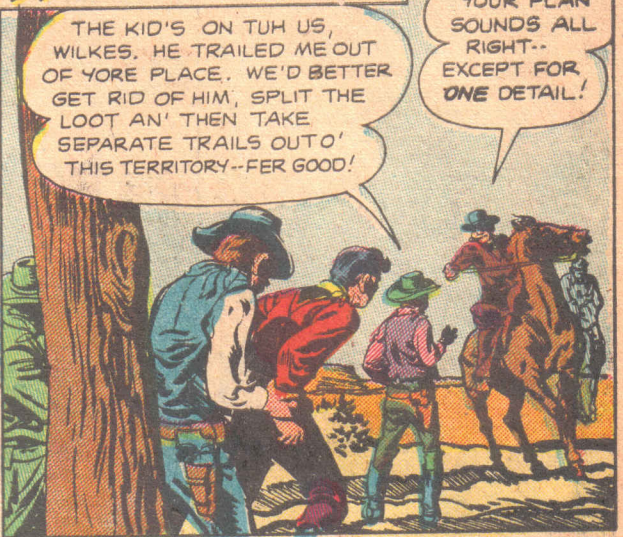
WHEN THE RIDERS DRAW UP...



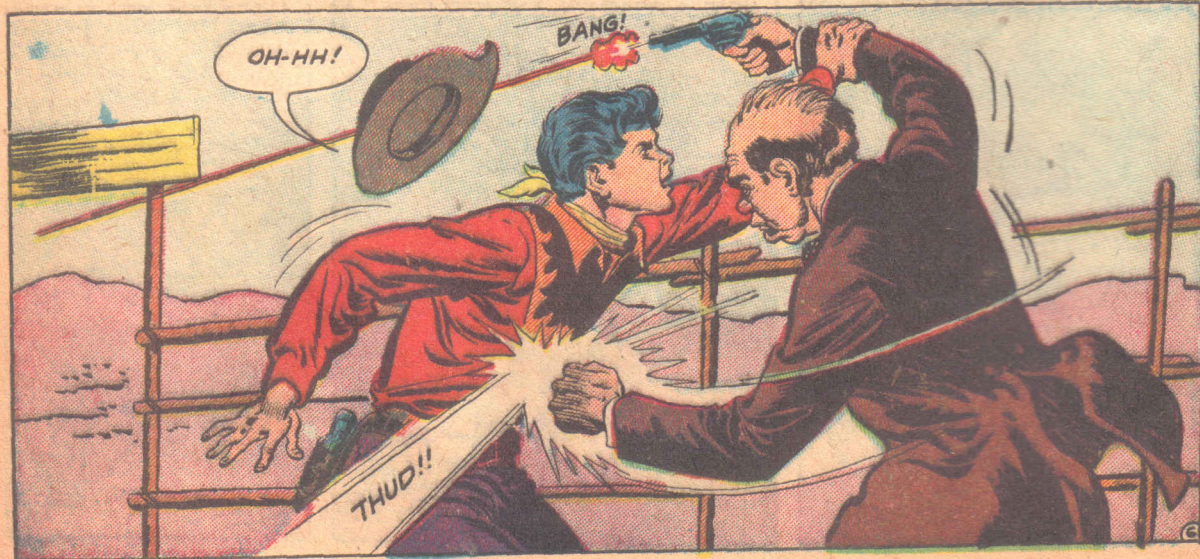
AN HOUR LATER, WHEN KID COWBOY COMES TO...



WHEN THE RIDERS DRAW UP...



A HALF HOUR LATER AT WILKES' RANCH...

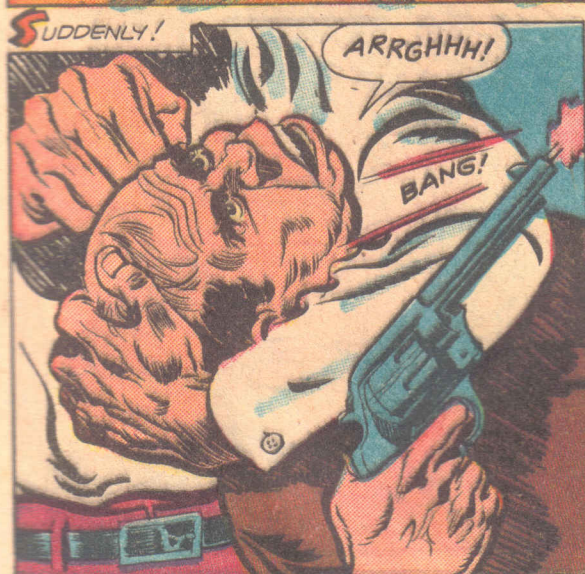




YOU'RE NOT STOPPING ANYBODY!

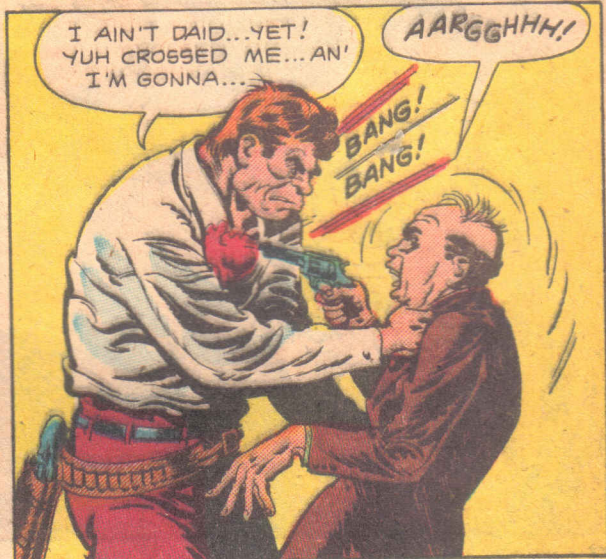


I'M LEAVING NOW, KID COWBOY-- SO ARE YOU! ONLY YOU'RE GOING FEET FIRST!



ARRGHHH!

BANG!

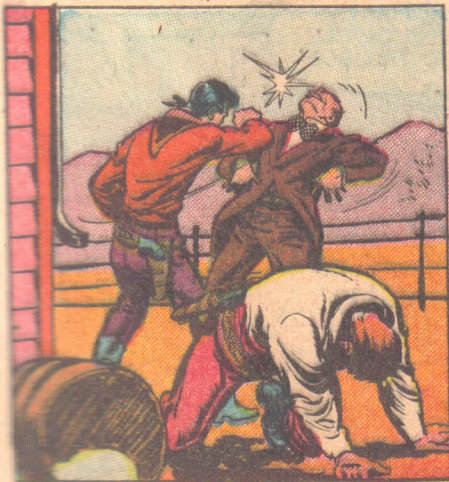


I AIN'T DAID...YET! YUH CROSSED ME...AN' I'M GONNA...

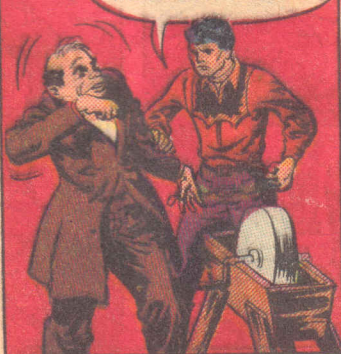
AARGGHHH!

BANG!
BANG!

HIS STRENGTH SPENT, WILLIE SLUMPS TO THE GROUND, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE OPPORTUNITY, KID COWBOY ATTACKS...



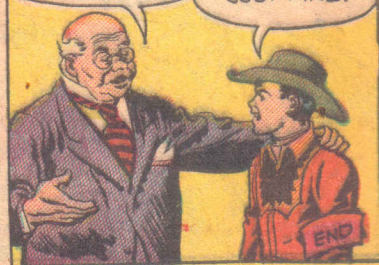
D-DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!
P-PLEASE! A DIRTY KILLER LIKE YOU DOESN'T DESERVE MERCY! I'M TAKING YOU IN, WILKES--AND YOU'LL PAY THE FULL PRICE FOR YOUR MURDERIN' DEEDS!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

THE CITIZENS OF PRAIRIE JUNCTION WANT TO THANK YOU, RANDY. YOU'LL BE A GREAT MAN SOMEDAY. MEBBE YOU'LL BECOME A COMMITTEE PRESIDENT--JUST LIKE ME!

IT'S MIGHTY KIND O' YOU TO SAY THAT, BUT I RECKON I'LL STICK TO ROPIN' AND RIDIN'. IT SUITS ME JUST FINE!



END

The SINGING COWBOY in "Law 'n' Order"

THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG WITH THE TOWN OF POWDER FALLS THAT A GOOD SHERIFF COULDN'T FIX. THE ONLY PROBLEM WAS FINDING THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE JOB. THIS WAS THE SITUATION THE **SINGING COWBOY** AND HIS PAL **CHUCKAWALLA** SOON DISCOVERED WHEN IT BECAME THEIR JOB TO TEACH THE MEANING OF... **LAW 'N' ORDER!**



H-HE'S OUT TUH GIT ME, CLINT! I'M A D-DOOMED MAN!

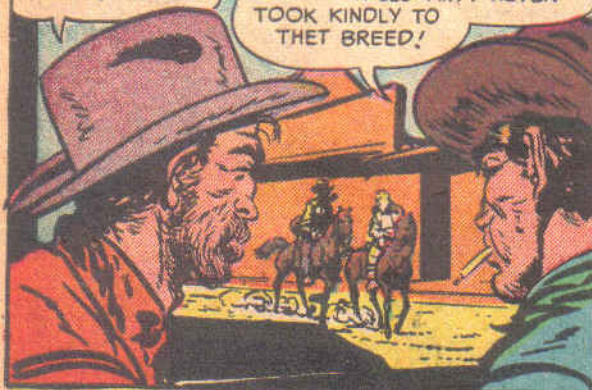
NOT BY A LONG SHOT, CHUCKAWALLA! I AIM TO SHOW THIS BIG BABOON THAT THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE **HARDER** THEY FALL!

ONE HOT, DUSTY AFTERNOON, AS THE **SINGING COWBOY** AND HIS PAL **CHUCKAWALLA** RIDE INTO THE TINY TOWN OF POWDER FALLS...

'PEARS LIKE A COUPLE O' NEWCOMERS HEADIN' THIS WAY, NATE! WHAT'CHA MAKE OF 'EM?

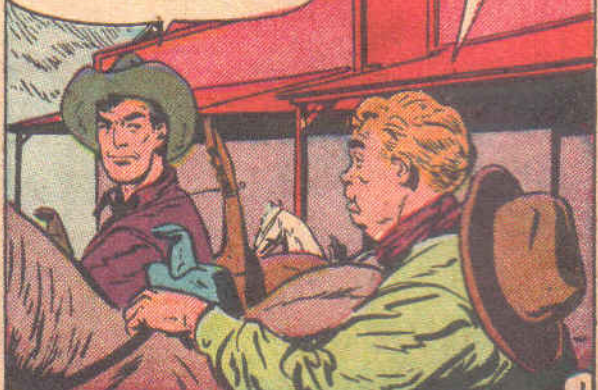
NOT MUCH, I RECKON! THEY STRIKE ME AS SADDLE TRAMPS—AN' POWDER FALLS AIN'T NEVER

TOOK KINDLY TO THET BREED!



I'LL ONLY BE A SECOND, CHUCKAWALLA. YOU KEEP AN EYE ON THE HOSSES—AN' WHATEVER YOU DO, STAY CLEAR OF ANY WINDY TALKIN' THET'LL LEAD US INTO TROUBLE!

SHUCKS, CLINT! YOU KNOW ME BETTER'N THAT! I WON'T SAY A WORD!



MOMENTS LATER...

HOWDY, GENTS! CHUCKAWALLA'S TH' NAME, AN' MY PAL IS CLINT HARPER. SINGIN' FER OUR SUPPER, OR FIGHTIN' OUR WAY OUT OF A TOUGH SPOT, IS ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FER US!

IF YORE SECH A FIGHTIN' MAN, HOW COME YUH AIN'T CARRYIN' NO GUNS?

GUNS! OH, YEAH! ...WAL, IT'S LIKE THIS, GENTS...

LAST NIGHT WE RUN INTO SIX GUNMEN AT YELLER CREEK. THEY JUMPED US, BUT IT WAS THEIR FUNERAL! THE BAD PART WAS I FIRED MUH GUNS SO FAST THE BARRELS MELTED AWAY. I WAS SHORE SORRY TO LOSE 'EM!

YUH DON'T SAY!

GOT ALL SIX HUH?

UH-UH! I'D BETTER GIT OVER THERE IN A HURRY! CHUCKAWALLA MUST'VE PUT HIS FOOT IN IT THIS TIME, BUT GOOD!

JUST A MINUTE THAR, MAYOR! WHAT'RE YOU UP TO?

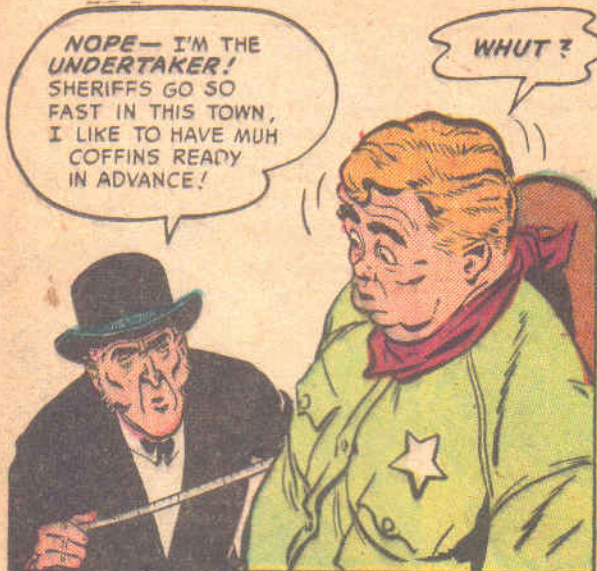
I'M MAKIN' YOU SHERIFF OF POWDER FALLS, SON—THAT'S ALL! FROM WHUT YOU'VE BEEN TELLIN' US, I'M CONVINCED YER PERFECT FER THE JOB. WE NEED A MAN O' YORE TALENTS!

JUST WHAT KINDA STORIES HAVE YOU BEEN TELLIN' 'EM?

NOW IT'S NOT WHUT YORE THINKIN', CLINT. THEY STARTED THE TALKIN' AND I, ER...WELL, YA SEE...

JEST STAND STEADY, SHERIFF. THIS'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE!

TAKE ALL THE—SAY, WHUT'S THE IDEE TAKIN' MUH MEASUREMENTS? ARE YOU A TAILOR, OR SOMETHIN'?



NOPE— I'M THE
UNDERTAKER!
SHERIFFS GO SO
FAST IN THIS TOWN,
I LIKE TO HAVE MUH
COFFINS READY
IN ADVANCE!

WHUT?



THAT'S A FACT, SON!
SHERIFFS DON'T LAST
MORE'N A MONTH IN
POWDER FALLS— BUT
DON'T TAKE IT TUH
HEART. I KNOW YOU'LL
MAKE GOOD!

THAT NIGHT IN THE LOCAL CAFE...



HERE'S TO YA, SON! ALL YUH GOT TO
DO NOW IS RID POWDER FALLS OF
DEAD-EYE BURKE AN' HIS GANG OF
OUTLAWS! THEM'S THE ONES BEEN
KILLIN' ALL OUR
SHERIFFS!

T-THEY
HAVE?



SPLANG



THET'S RIGHT, FATTY—
AN' AH RECKON YORE
THE NEW SHERIFF...
WHAR'D THEY DIG YOU
UP?

IT'S DEAD EYE,
SON! SHOW
'IM WHO'S THE
LAW!



T-TET WEREN'T
NICE O'YOU,
DEAD EYE! I
DIDN'T EVEN HAVE
A SIP O' THET
S-SODY POP!

SODY POP! AN' THEY
MADE YOU SHERIFF?
HO-HO! WAIT'LL TH'
BOYS HEAR ABOUT
THIS!



COME SATIDDY NIGHT, YOU
AN' ME GOT A DATE! IF YUH
GOT ANY UNFINISHED BUSINESS,
YUH BETTER TEND TUH IT
MIGHTY SOON!

OOOFFF!

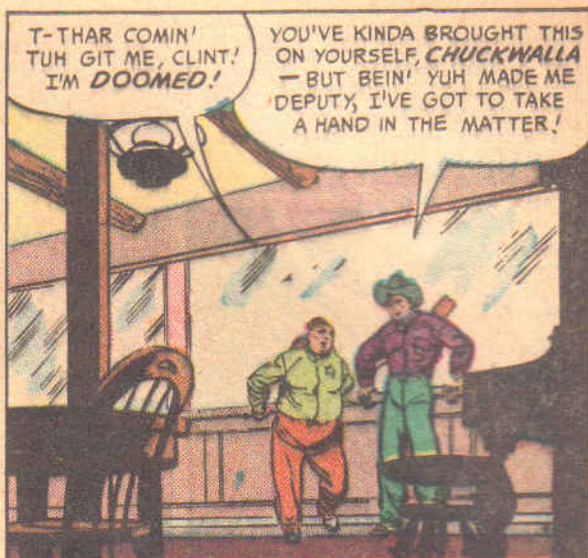


NICE GOIN', SON! YUH
TOLD 'IM OFF REAL
PROPER! WHEN
SATIDDY GITS HERE,
YOU'LL HANDLE THET
SHERIFF-KILLER
SLICK AS A
WHISTLE!

THAT SATURDAY NIGHT, BURKE AND HIS DRUNKEN GANG
RIDE INTO TOWN...



WHAR'S THET SHERIFF?
LET'S GIT 'IM NOW,
DEAD-EYE!



YOU'VE KINDA BROUGHT THIS
ON YOURSELF, CHUCKWALLA
— BUT BEIN' YUH MADE ME
DEPUTY, I'VE GOT TO TAKE
A HAND IN THE MATTER!

SECONDS LATER, THE DOORS SWING OPEN...



NOT SO FAST! IF ANYONE
GETS DRAGGED OUTA
HERE, IT'S LIABLE
TUH BE YOU!



WHY, YUH LILY-LIVERED
COYOTE... I'LL...



SUDDENLY...



BEIN' YORE GOIN' TO
BE A DEAD SHERIFF
INSIDE O' TEN SECONDS,
I'LL BE MIGHTY
GENEROUS AN
GRANT YUH A
LAST REQUEST—
SAME AS I DID
ALL THE OTHERS.
WHUT'LL IT
BE?

D-DO
YUH
HAVE
THE
M-MAKIN'S
(GULP) FER
A CIGARETTE?



HERE THEY BE, MAKE IT
SNAPPY!

Y-YESSIR!

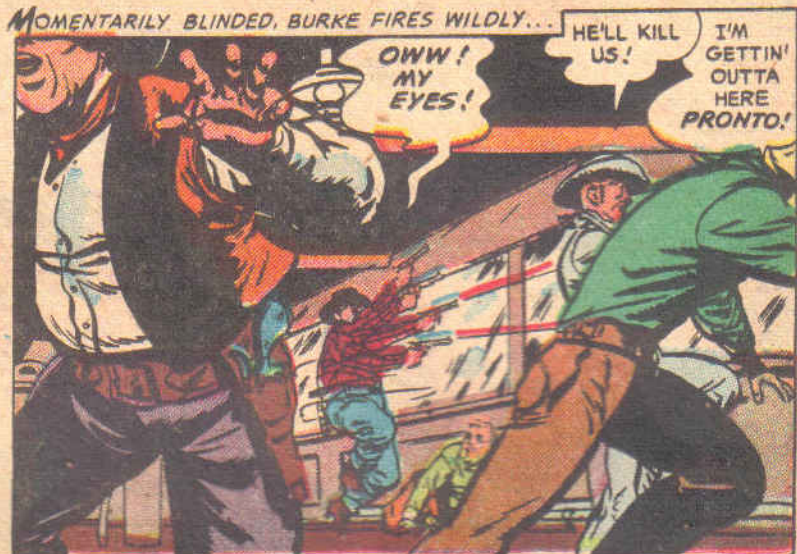


FASTER!

GULP... I'M
JEST ABOUT...



YEOW... MUH
EYES!



MOMENTARILY BLINDED, BURKE FIRES WILDLY...

OWW!
MY
EYES!

HE'LL KILL
US!

I'M
GETTIN'
OUTTA
HERE
PRONTO!



OUTSIDE...

LOOK, MAYOR!
THEM'S BURKE'S
BOYS! AN' THEY'RE
HIGHTAILIN'!

YAHOO! WE
GOT OURSELVES
A REAL SHERIFF
THIS TIME!



MEANWHILE...

YEOW! HELP!
DO SOMETHIN'!
I'M GETTIN'
KILLED!

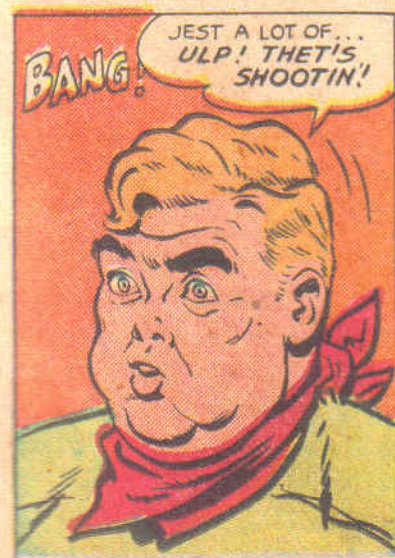
BOING



MINUTES LATER...



THAT NIGHT, AS THE TOWN CELEBRATES...



Dead Ringer

LUM TAGGART had decided to kill the man who was chasing him. He had fled all the way to Mexico from San Angelo, but he was sick and tired of it. He had lost 25 pounds from running away. Looking in the mirror, he could hardly recognize himself; he looked more like his pursuer than himself.

The natural resemblance had grown more marked with each succeeding day. His face had become seamed and weather-beaten like the Ranger's, and his loss of weight had trimmed his tall frame to the same raw-boned leanness. Indeed, the resemblance had become so striking that it was no wonder Lum's cunning brain had devised its scheme for a *second* murder.

Yes, it had been murder the first time, too. Back in San Angelo he had killed a man who had caught him robbing the express office. Shot him in cold blood.

But there had been a witness—the man who was chasing him now. Lum had had just time enough to hide his loot when the gaunt-faced Ranger had swung to saddle after him. That was when Lum had started running—and he'd been running ever since.

But tonight, he was going to stop. Any minute now, the Ranger would come out of the hotel. The street was dark. Quiet. There'd be no witnesses this time. When it was over, he'd steal the man's credentials and complete the impersonation. Then he'd go back to San Angelo and pick up his hidden cache and head for California under the Ranger's name, whatever it was. Perfect!

The door of the hotel opened. Lum's double stepped out into the dusty street.

Lum pushed the gun in the man's back. "You can stop looking now, Ranger!" His voice was a

low hiss. "This is the end of the trail. No, don't turn. Take it this way!"

The gun barked twice in Lum's hand, pumping sudden death into the Ranger's back.

Hardly had the man's body slumped to the ground than Lum's quick fingers had closed over the wallet containing the credentials. Then Lum was astride his waiting horse, gouging spurs into its flanks and heading back across the Rio Grande.

• • •

Two days later Lum rode into the town of Laredo. As he tied his cayuse to a hitching rock in front of the hotel, a voice boomed beside him.

"Just a minute, Podner."

Lum sucked in his breath. Had Texas law caught up to him already?

"Ain't you Joe Bradson?"

Lum Taggart heaved a sigh of relief and turned slowly to face his questioner.

The man wore a sheriff's star on his chest. The long fingers of his right hand rested on the butt of his gun. He was smiling.

"Bradson? Why, no, Sheriff. Never heard of the feller. Name's Dan Turner, Texas Ranger." Lum produced the stolen credentials and handed them over to the law officer. "Been manhunting across the border. On my way back to San Angelo."

The Sheriff handed back the credentials, apparently satisfied with explanation. "Get your man?"

Lum was enjoying his role of Texas Ranger. "Yeah, feller by the name of Lum Taggart. Drilled a man up in San Angelo 'bout three months ago. Caught up to him just yesterday. He—uh—won't be doing any more killin'."

"That so!" The lawman looked impressed. "Go

ing back to San Angelo, y'say?"

"Yep."

"Mind if I ride with yuh? Goin' all the way to Abilene, myself. Kinda' like company when I travel."

Lum breathed easy. The breaks were with him all the way. In company with a bonafide lawman, nobody would ever suspect he wasn't the real Dan Turner. When they got to San Angelo, he'd pick up his hidden cache and be out of town within an hour, bound for California.

His luck held. Entering the sprawling town of San Angelo, he felt doubly secure. Only a little while now and he'd be on the way.

Lum drew rein in front of the express office, dismounted and tied his horse to the cottonwood tree in the center of the street. "Well, Podner, here's where we part company." Grinning, he turned to face his companion—and found himself staring in to the business end of the other's six-gun!

"Come and get him, boys!" The lawman was calling out. "I've brung in Joe Bradson."

Lum heard the door of the express office bang open behind him. Half a dozen men poured out, formed a tight circle about him. Two of the men wore the silver badges of the Texas Rangers. Another man held a long coil of rope, eyed the lower branch of the big tree. Someone reached for Lum's gun and at the same time pulled out Dan Turner's credentials.

"What's the idea! You fellers are makin' a big mistake! Those credentials—look at 'em!"

The trial was very brief.

"What's the verdict, Judge Hollis?" Lum's late travel companion was not so friendly now.

"Turner's credentials, all right," said the Judge.

"Sure, they are!" Lum said.

They had to believe him! How could they prove different? No one would ever see the real Turner again. He had killed Turner in Mexico, hidden his body where no one would ever find it. Lum Taggart was wanted for murder, but as Dan Turner he was safe. He must be! All he had to do was stick to his story.

Court ended suddenly. "Guilty," the Judge said. "All right, Boys. String him up!"

Lum was still protesting as they put the noose around his neck. "I'm Turner!" He yelled. "Turner! Why can't you believe me!"

The Judge looked doubtful. "Sure about that?"

"Yes! Yes! You've got to believe me!"

For answer, the Judge nodded to the several men whose strong hands held the other end of the rope.

A yank and it was all over. Lum's body swayed to and fro above them as the men tied the loose end of the rope around the trunk of the tree. Judge Hollis was scratching his head. "Can't figure it out! Can't figure it, at all!"

"Me, neither," said the man who'd carried the rope. "This here Bradson insists he's Dan Turner—the man he killed right on this spot no more'n three months ago! I recollect Bradson finished Dan Turner off after Dan got nicked by a feller called hisself Lum Taggart. Seems Taggart tried to rob the express office, but couldn't pull it off. Got scared when he thought he'd killed Turner and headed south. Then this Bradson feller come along, gunned Turner down, took his credentials and started off in the same direction. Wonder what ever happened to Taggart."

"Probably still in Mexico," opined the Judge. "But I don't see no reason to send a man down there to tell him the truth about Dan's murder. Seems to me Texas is a lot better off without that kind of feller around to mess it up."

"You're right there, Judge," agreed the other man. "Don't guess Taggart'll be coming back."

The men started moving in off the street. At the door of the express office, Judge Hollis turned and looked up at the swaying body. "You know, this feller Bradson kind of looks like Taggart in a way. Ever see Taggart, Frank? Wasn't around very long."

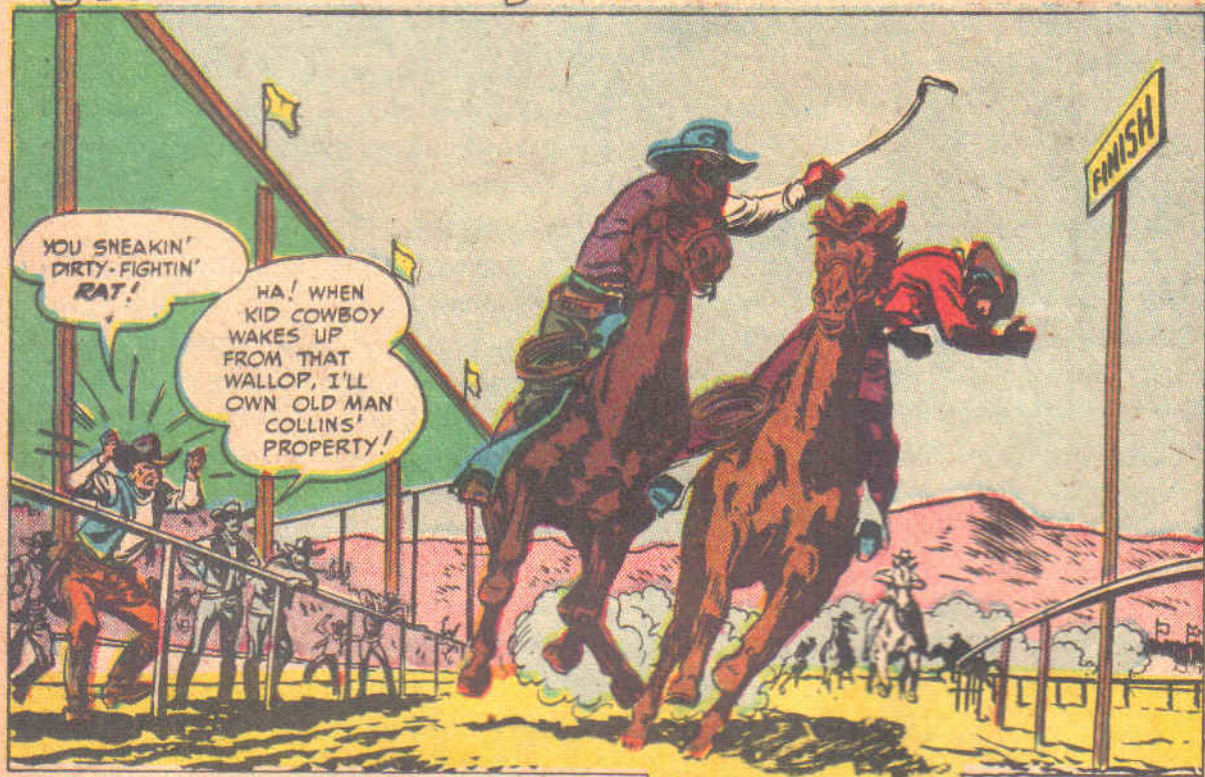
"Yeah, I saw him a coupla' times—by gosh, you're right at that, Judge. This feller's a dead ringer for him!"

THE END

KID COWBOY

in Thundering Hoofs

WITH AN OLD MAN'S SECURITY AT STAKE, KID COWBOY TURNS JOCKEY AND WINS A NECK-AND-NECK RACE WITH A GANG OF TREACHEROUS SIDE-WINDERS... TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF BLAZING SIX-GUNS AND THUNDERING HOOFS!

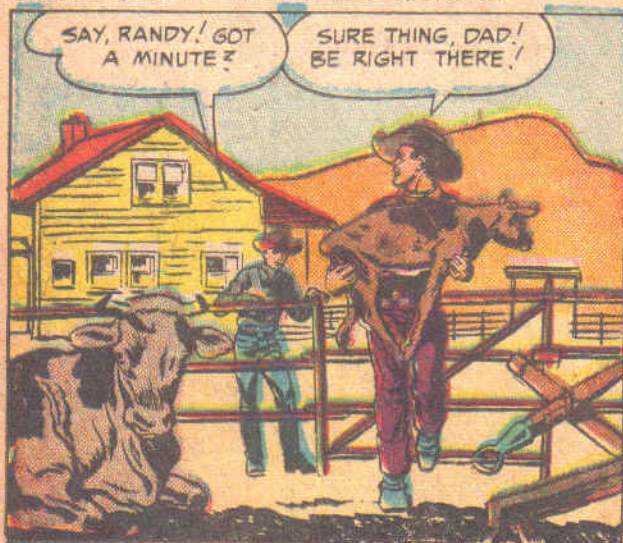


YOU SNEAKIN' DIRTY-FIGHTIN' RAT!

HA! WHEN KID COWBOY WAKES UP FROM THAT WALLOP, I'LL OWN OLD MAN COLLINS' PROPERTY!

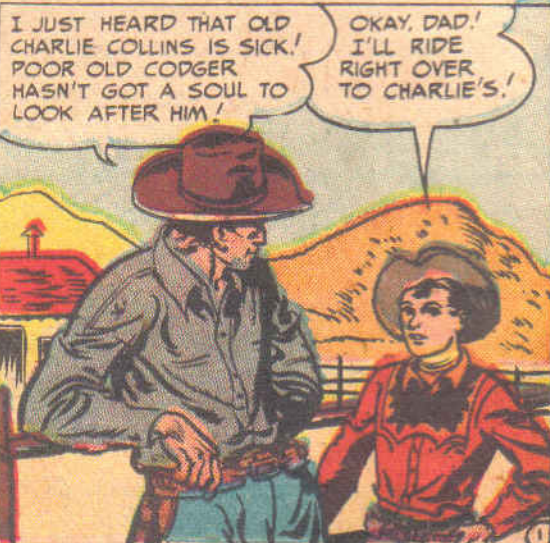
EARLY ONE MORNING, AS KID COWBOY DOES A FEW CHORES AROUND THE CIRCLE-D RANCH...

AL CARRENO



SAY, RANDY! GOT A MINUTE?

SURE THING, DAD! BE RIGHT THERE!



I JUST HEARD THAT OLD CHARLIE COLLINS IS SICK! POOR OLD CODGER HASN'T GOT A SOUL TO LOOK AFTER HIM!

OKAY, DAD! I'LL RIDE RIGHT OVER TO CHARLIE'S!

MEANWHILE, AT CHARLIE COLLINS' TINY SPREAD...



THEM NO GOOD COYOTES BEEN TRYIN' TUH PUSH ME OFFA MUH LAND, RANDY--BUT THEY'D BETTER CLEAR OUTA HYAR AFURE I LOSE MUH TEMPER!

YUH HEARD THE MAN! PICK UP YORE HARDWARE AND CLEAR OUT!

I'M GOIN'--BUT REMEMBER, CHARLIE! GIT THET THOUSAND DOLLARS BY NEXT WEEK, OR CLEAR OUT!

WHAT'S THAT CROOK TALKIN' ABOUT, CHARLIE?

TATE FLETCHER HOLDS A MORTGAGE ON MY LAND--RECKON HE C'N RUN ME OFF, EF'N I DON'T PAY UP!

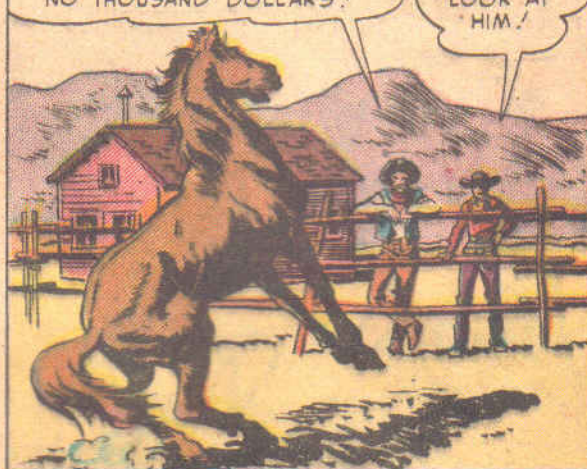
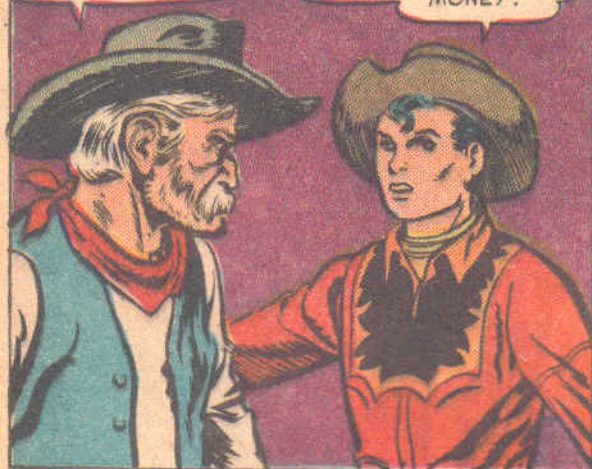
A LITTLE LATER...

BUT DON'T YOU WORRY NONE, SON! I-- I'LL GIT BY... SOMEHOW!

YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS LAND, CHARLIE! WE'VE GOT TO RAISE THAT MONEY!

MUH SOLE ASSET IS THAT STALLION, **BULLET!** I RAISED 'IM FROM A FOAL--BUT HE'D NEVER FETCH NO THOUSAND DOLLARS!

HMMM... I'D LIKE A CLOSER LOOK AT 'HIM!

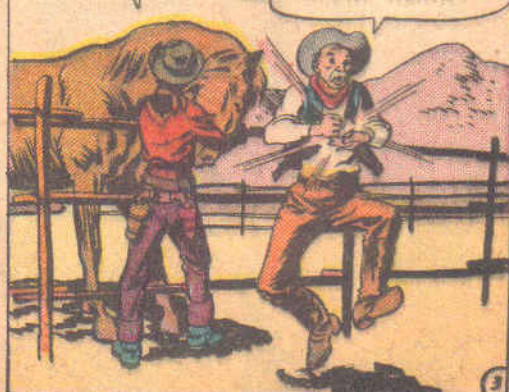
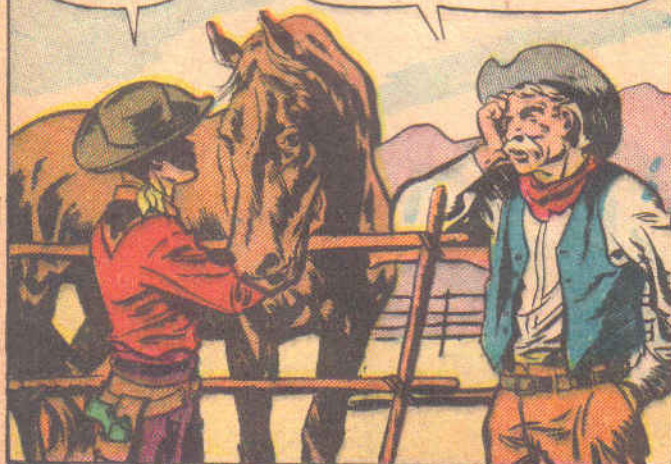


TELL ME, CHARLIE! CAN HE RUN?

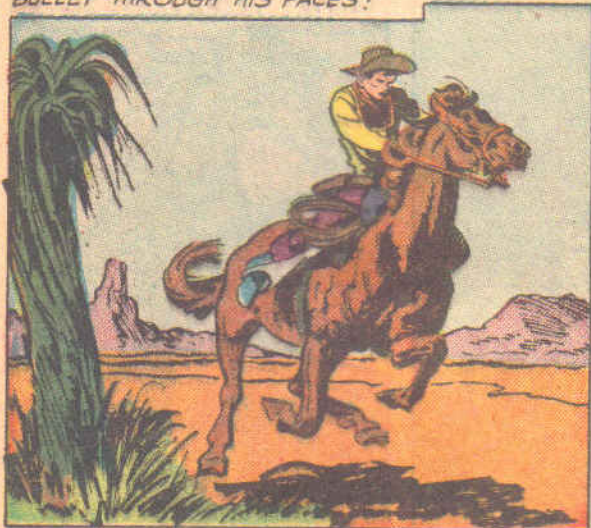
C'N HE RUN? WHY RANDY, SOMETIMES I THINK THIS CRITTER'S GOT WINGS INSTEAD O' LEGS!

THAT SETTLES IT! I'M ENTERING **BULLET** IN THE COUNTY RACE THIS SATURDAY! THERE'S A \$1,500 PRIZE, AND I'LL RIDE **BULLET!**

JUMPIN' SAGE-BRUSH! THE COUNTY RACE... IT MIGHT WORK!

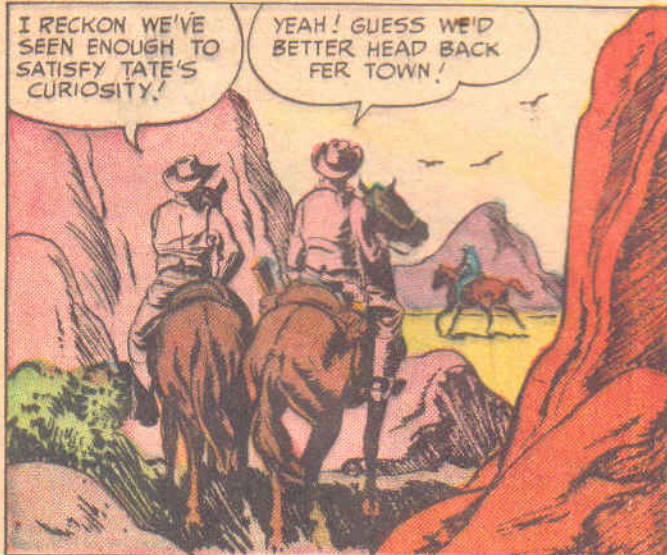


IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, KID COWBOY PUTS BULLET THROUGH HIS PAGES!



I RECKON WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH TO SATISFY TATE'S CURIOSITY!

YEAH! GUESS WE'D BETTER HEAD BACK FER TOWN!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

YOU C'N FORGET ALL ABOUT CHARLIE COLLINS' LAND! THET BRONC C'N OUTFRIN ANYTHIN' IN FIFTEEN COUNTIES!

QUIT POKIN' AT ME, LUKE!



I'M TAKIN' OVER THET PROPERTY JEST LIKE I PLANNED! SAVVY? AN' NOTHIN'S A-GOIN' TUH STOP ME!

S-SURE, TATE! N-NOTHIN' TUH GIT RILED UP ABOUT!

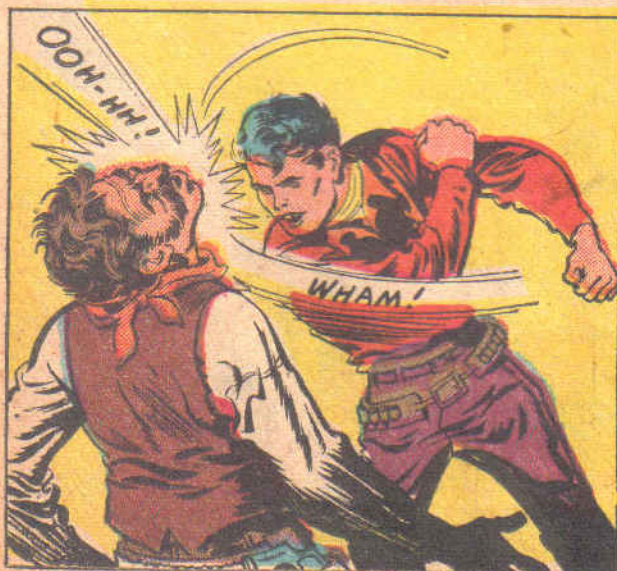


ALL RIGHT --NOW THIS IS THE WAY WE'RE GOIN' TUH WORK IT...



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE RACE...

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



AT THE FAIR GROUNDS, THE FOLLOWING DAY...

I'M WORRYIN' ABOUT YUH, RANDY-- ESPECIALLY AFTER WHUT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT! THEM KILLERS'LL STOP AT NOTHIN'! MEBBE YOU'D BETTER CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF!

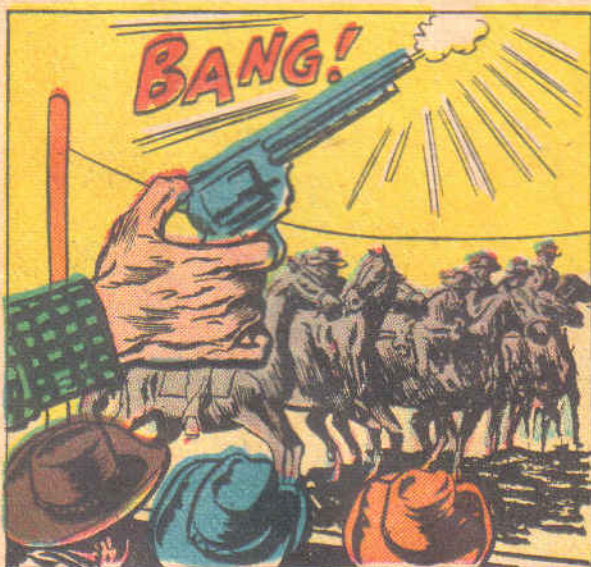
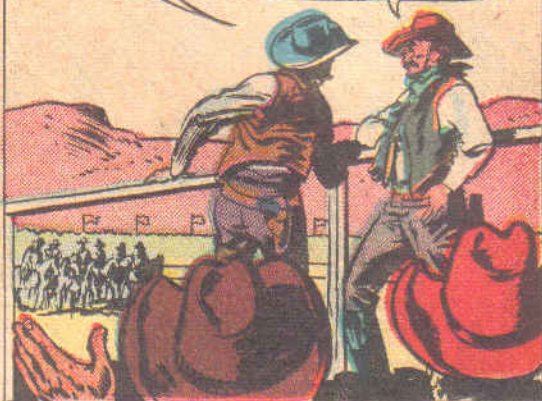
NOTHING DOING, CHARLIE! NOW GO FIND A SPOT BY THE RAIL! IT'S GETTING NEAR RACE TIME!



A FEW SECONDS BEFORE STARTING TIME...

TOO BAD LUKE MUFFED THINGS LAST NIGHT!

I AIN'T THROUGH YET, GUS! I MADE A DEAL WITH ONE O' THE RIDERS! YOU'LL SEE WHUT I MEAN!



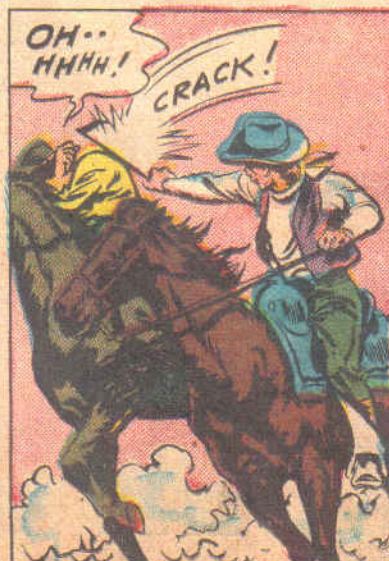
AT THE FAR TURN...

WHEN WE ROUND THIS TURN, BOY-- SHOW 'EM YORE HEELS!



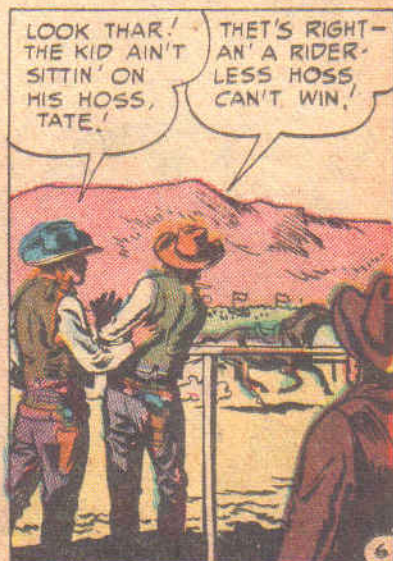
WHA-?

THIS IS THE END O' YORE RACE, SONNY!



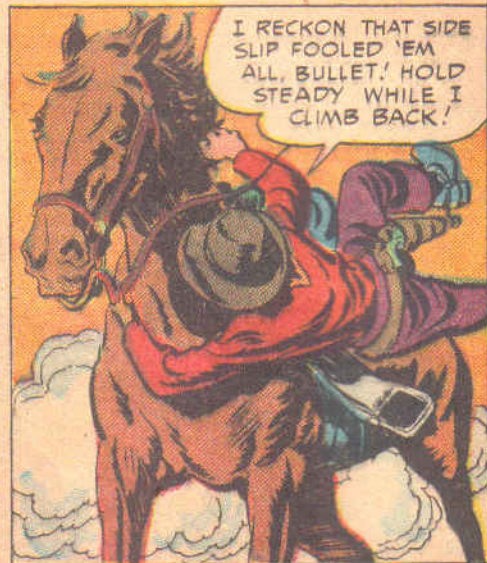
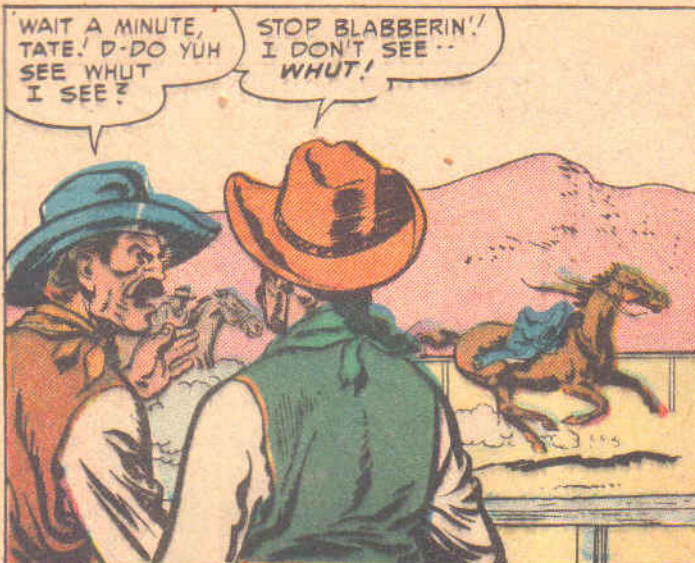
OH.. HHHH!

CRACK!



LOOK THAR! THE KID AIN'T SITTIN' ON HIS HOSS, TATE!

THET'S RIGHT-- AN' A RIDER-LESS HOSS CAN'T WIN!

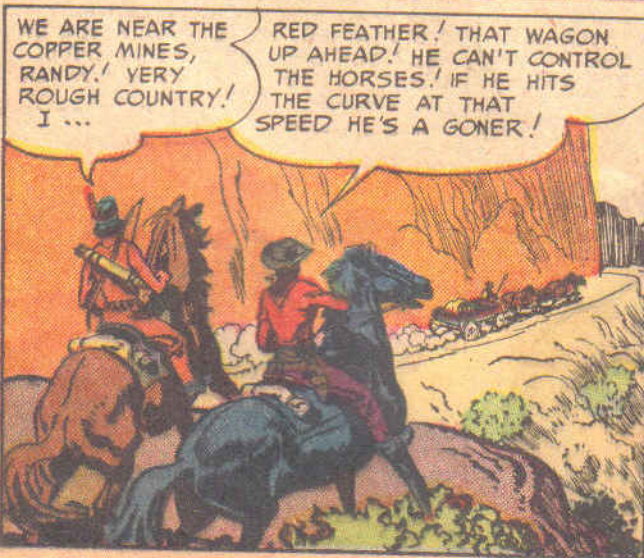
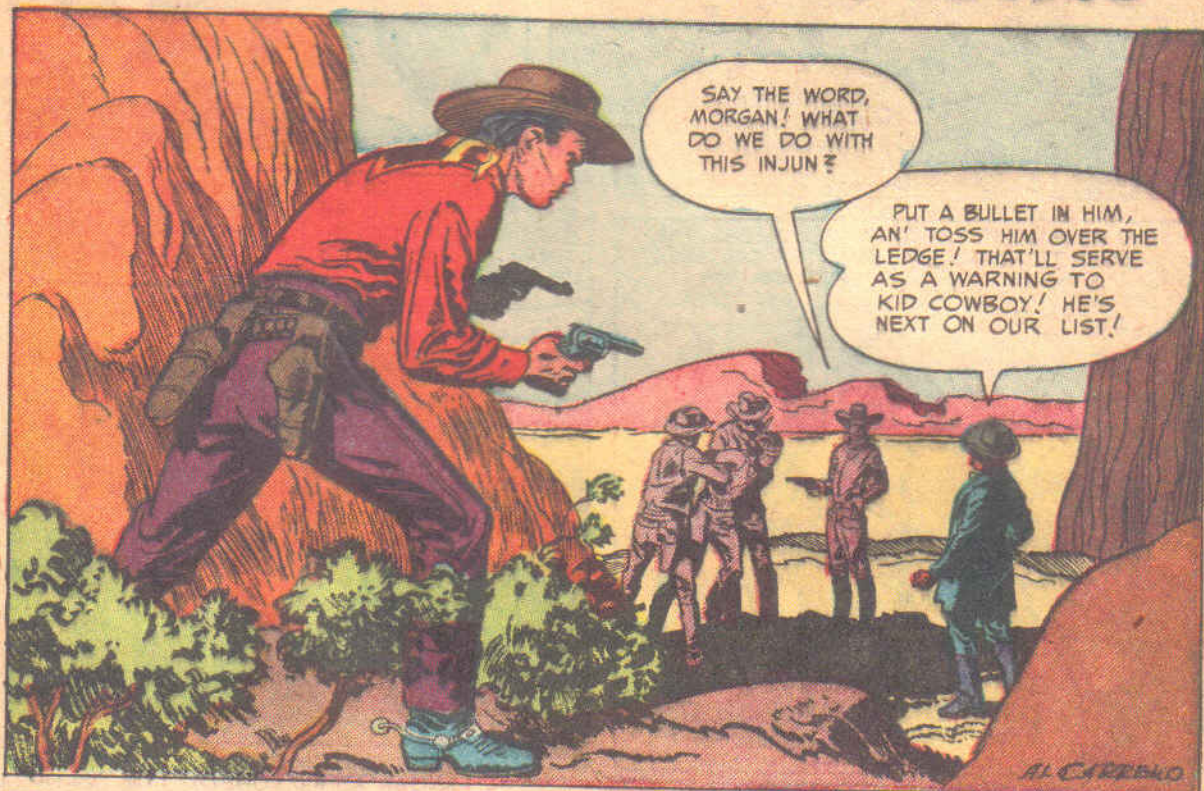


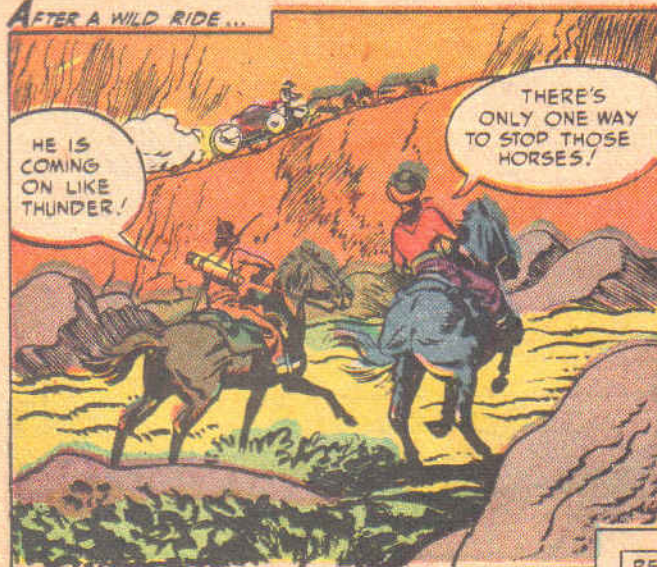
A SHORT WHILE LATER...



DEATH HOLDS THE STAKES, WHEN KID COWBOY AND RED FEATHER PIT COURAGE AND GUNS AGAINST A TREACHEROUS KILLER! BUT THE GALLANT PAIR NEVER FALTER AS THEIR DEADLY SIX GUNS SPEAK OUT WITH

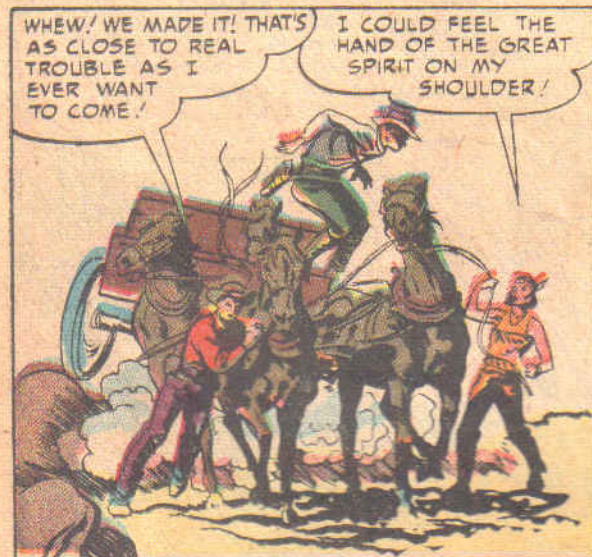
KID COWBOY in "Bullets for Justice"





HE IS COMING ON LIKE THUNDER!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THOSE HORSES!



WHEW! WE MADE IT! THAT'S AS CLOSE TO REAL TROUBLE AS I EVER WANT TO COME!

I COULD FEEL THE HAND OF THE GREAT SPIRIT ON MY SHOULDER!

RECKON IF IT WARN'T FOR YOU TWO, I'D BE BUZZARD BAIT, DOWN THERE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE!

HOW COME YOU WERE DRIVIN' THAT WAY? WHY DIDN'T YOU USE YOUR BRAKE?

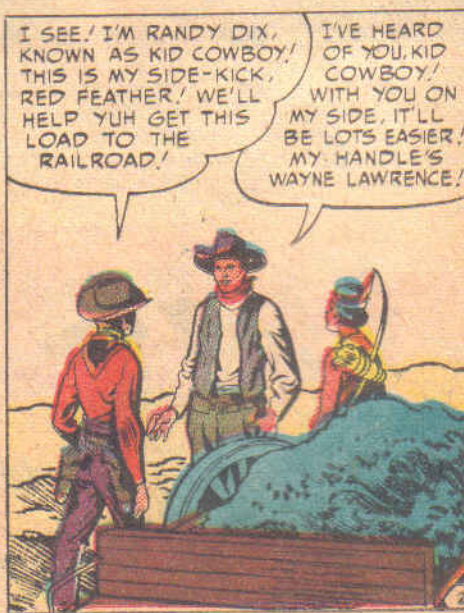


I TRIED TO BRAKE DOWN, BUT SOMEBODY HAS TAMPERED WITH IT, IT'S BEEN SAWED THROUGH!

WHOEVER DID IT, SURE WAS OUT TO GET YUH!



YEAH, AN' I KNOW WHO IT WAS! YOU SEE, I RUN A SMALL FREIGHT LINE, CARRYIN' ORE FROM THE COPPER MINES, TO THE RAILROAD AN' BRINGIN' MACHINERY AN' PARTS BACK! THE MORGAN LINES BEEN OUT TO GET ME!

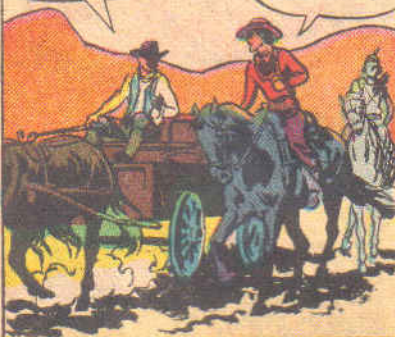


I SEE! I'M RANDY DIX, KNOWN AS KID COWBOY! THIS IS MY SIDE-KICK, RED FEATHER! WE'LL HELP YUH GET THIS LOAD TO THE RAILROAD!

I'VE HEARD OF YOU, KID COWBOY! WITH YOU ON MY SIDE, IT'LL BE LOTS EASIER! MY HANDLE'S WAYNE LAWRENCE!

GETTING THIS LOAD THROUGH MEANS A LOT! IF I DIDN'T, THE MINES WOULDN'T RENEW MY CONTRACT! AN' I'D BE OUT OF THE PICTURE! **THEY'VE** TERRORIZED ALL MY DRIVERS! NO ONE WILL WORK FOR ME!

WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS?



AN HOMBRE NAMED DALE MORGAN! HE WANTS TO TAKE OVER ALL THE FREIGHT BUSINESS IN THE TERRITORY! I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO STOOD UP TO HIM!

DALE MORGAN, HUH? I WON'T FORGET THAT NAME!



LATER, AT THE RAILROAD DEPOT...

SIMMONS, CHECK OUT THIS LOAD OF COPPER ORE! I HAVE A SHIPMENT OF MACHINERY DUE BACK UP TOMORROW!

RIGHT, MR. LAWRENCE! IT'S COMIN' IN ON THE AFTERNOON FREIGHT!

H'M.M! SO LAWRENCE GOT THROUGH! MORGAN'LL WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS!

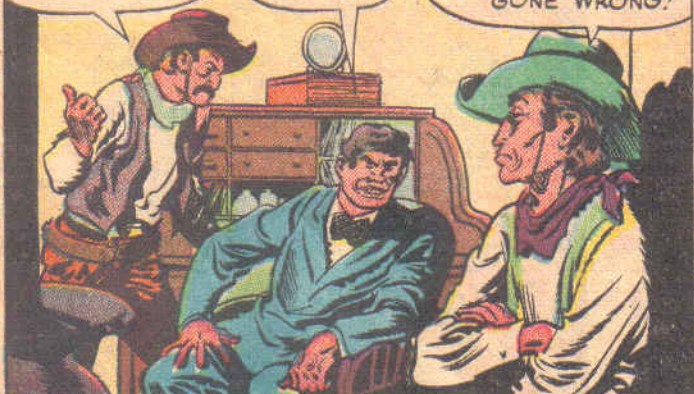


A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN DALE MORGAN'S OFFICE...

MORGAN! I JUST SAW LAWRENCE AT RAILROAD STATION! HE BROUGHT THE ORE THROUGH!

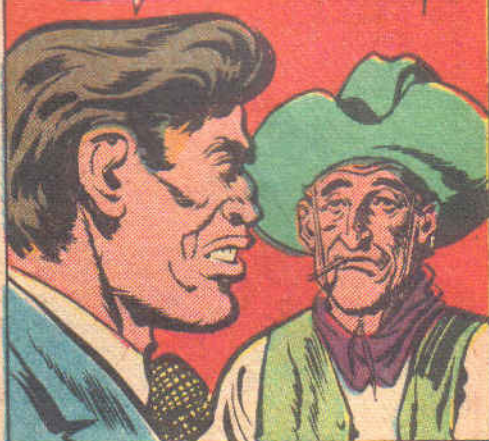
THAT MEANS THE MINES'LL RENEW HIS CONTRACT! I THOUGHT YOU FIXED THE BRAKE ON HIS WAGON, CALICO!

BUT I DID, BOSS! SOMETHIN' MUST'VE GONE WRONG!



WELL, I WANT IT DONE RIGHT THIS TIME, CALICO! I WANT LAWRENCE PUSHIN' UP DAISIES!

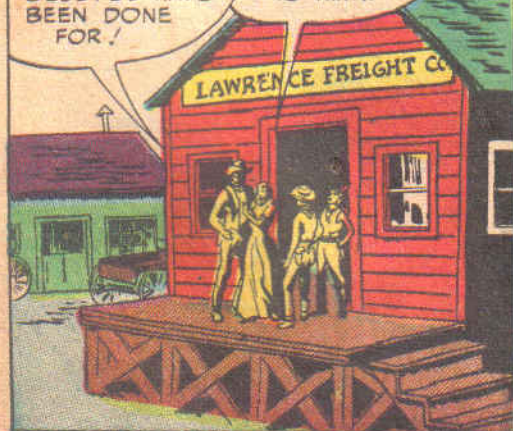
HE WILL BE, BOSS!



MEANWHILE...

IF IT WARN'T FOR KID COWBOY AND RED FEATHER, BESS, I'D HAVE BEEN DONE FOR!

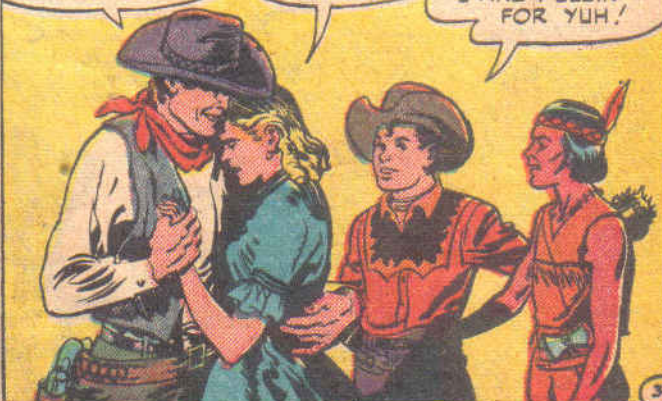
THANKS FOR SAVING WAYNE! IF ANYTHING HAD HAPPENED TO HIM...



DON'T CRY, HONEY! OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER! NOW THAT THE MINE'S HAVE RENEWED THE CONTRACT, WE CAN GET MARRIED!

BUT THERE'S STILL MORGAN! HE'S SO RUTHLESS! OH... WAYNE! I'M AFRAID!

DON'T BE MISS BESS! YOU'RE NOT ALONE ANYMORE! RED FEATHER AND I ARE PULLIN' FOR YUH!



OH, THAT MAKES ME FEEL SO MUCH BETTER! PLEASE COME IN, BOYS! I'VE BAKED A CAKE-- AND I'LL-- I'LL MAKE SOME COFFEE!

GOOD! WE'LL HAVE A CELEBRATION! I ONLY HAVE TWO ROOMS BEHIND THE OFFICE, BUT SOMEDAY, BESS AND I WILL HAVE A BIG HOUSE OF OUR OWN!



LATER ...

THERE'S SOMEBODY AT THE OFFICE DOOR! I WONDER WHO IT IS?

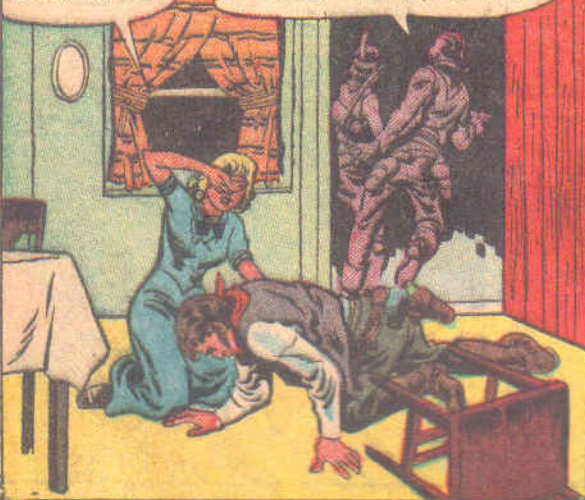
I'LL SEE! BE BACK IN A MINUTE!



SHOTS! COME ON, RED FEATHER!



WAYNE! HE'S BEEN SHOT! I'M GOING AFTER THE SIDEWINDER THAT DID IT!



HE GOT AWAY! WE CAN'T FIND HIM IN THE DARK!

YOU'RE RIGHT, KID COWBOY! LET US GO BACK, AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR WAYNE!



BACK IN THE HOUSE ...

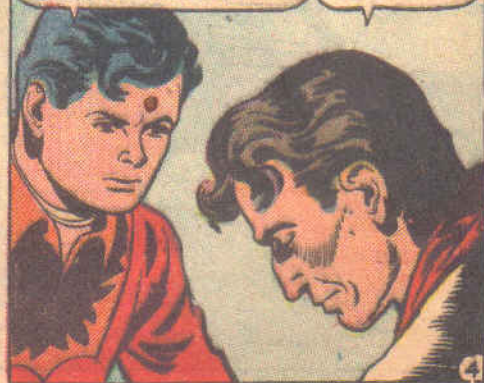
YOU WERE LUCKY, WAYNE! HE FIRED TOO HIGH! BROKE YOUR COLLAR BONE--BUT HE COULD HAVE KILLED YOU! KNOW WHO DID IT?

YES! THE CALICO KID, ONE OF MORGAN'S GUNSLINGERS! RECKON HE'D HAVE DONE ME A FAVOR IF HE HAD KILLED ME NOW!



RED FEATHER AND I WILL SEE THAT IT'S DELIVERED! YOU BETTER GET SOME REST! WE'LL SEND FOR A DOCTOR TO LOOK YOU OVER IN THE MORNING!

I HAVE TO DRIVE TOMORROW AND GET THE MACHINERY UP TO THE MINE! BUT NOW...



THE NEXT MORNING...

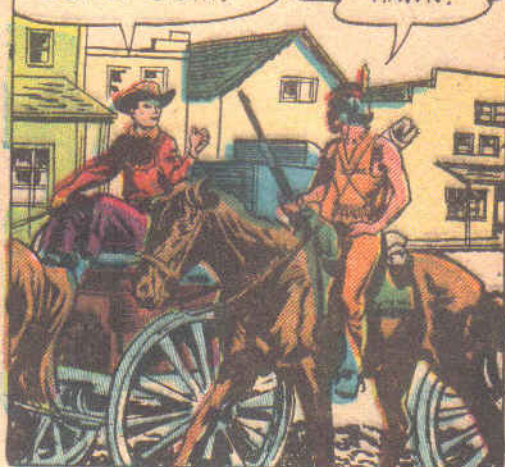
THE DOCTOR JUST LEFT! HE SAID WAYNE WOULD BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW WEEKS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE WOULD HAVE DONE IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU!

DON'T THINK ABOUT IT! WE'LL DELIVER THAT MACHINERY!

YES, AND SETTLE WITH MORGAN AND THE CALICO KID, TOO!

KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME, ALL THE WAY, RED FEATHER! BUT STAY OUT OF SIGHT!

I WILL WATCH YOU WITH THE EYES OF A HAWK!



LATER, IN TOWN, HOSTILE EYES WATCH KID COWBOY!

THAT'S LAWRENCE'S WAGON! WHO'S THAT DRIVING? LOOKS LIKE A KID!

IT'S KID COWBOY! IF WE DO ANYTHING, MORGAN, WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST! THAT BOY SPELLS LOTS OF TROUBLE!



I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT INTO THIS! BUT WE'LL DO A BETTER JOB ON HIM THAN YOU DID ON LAWRENCE!

THE LIGHT WAS BAD, BOSS. I-I COULDN'T HELP IT!

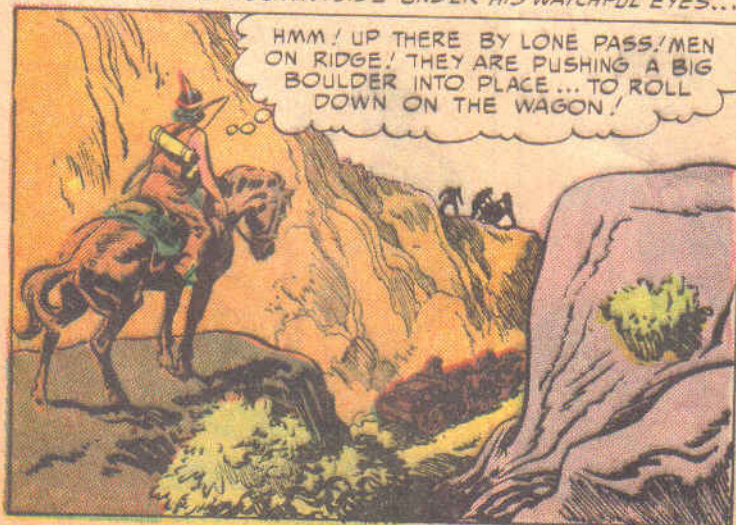


NEVER MIND THAT! ROUND UP THE BOYS! WE'LL AMBUSH THE WAGON AT LONE PASS! NOBODY CAN BLAME US IF THERE'S A ROCK-SLIDE, AND KID COWBOY HAPPENS TO GET CRUSHED UNDER IT!



AS THE MORNING WEARS ON, RED FEATHER KEEPS BOTH THE WAGON AND THE COUNTRYSIDE UNDER HIS WATCHFUL EYES...

HMM! UP THERE BY LONE PASS! MEN ON RIDGE! THEY ARE PUSHING A BIG BOULDER INTO PLACE... TO ROLL DOWN ON THE WAGON!

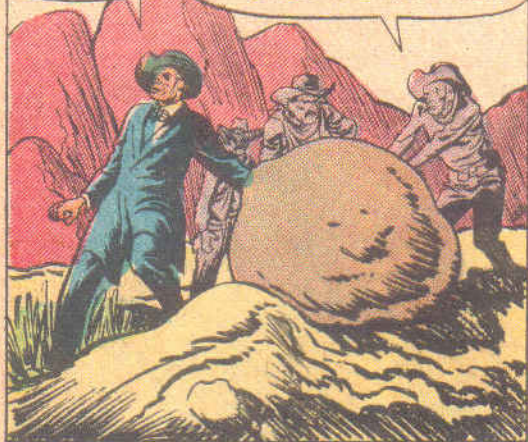


THEY THINK THEY WILL SURPRISE KID COWBOY! BUT I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR THEM, INSTEAD! I'LL WORK UP BEHIND THEM ON FOOT!



GET READY, BOYS! THERE'S THE WAGON COMIN' NOW!

THIS BOULDER WILL MAKE MINCE MEAT OUT OF HIM! WE'LL BE RID OF KID COWBOY AND LAWRENCE ONCE AND FOR ALL!



THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK! GET THOSE HANDS UP!

HUH?

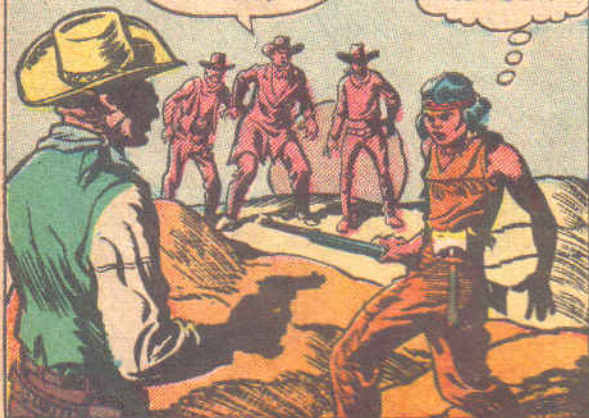
IT'S RED FEATHER, KID COWBOY'S INJUN SIDEKICK!



HAND OVER THAT RIFLE, INJUN!

HA! GOOD THING I SENT LARAMIE DOWN TO WATER THE HORSES! LOOKS LIKE WE TURNED THE TABLES, INJUN!

I MUST WARN KID COWBOY!



HERE'S THE RIFLE!

CALICO! YOU FOOL! KID COWBOY'LL HEAR THE SHOT! GRAB THE INJUN!



A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

A SHOT! IT CAME FROM THE RIDGE ON LONE PASS! RED FEATHER MUST BE IN TROUBLE!

BANG!

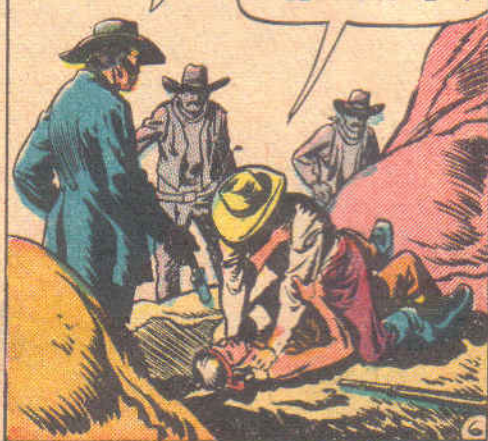


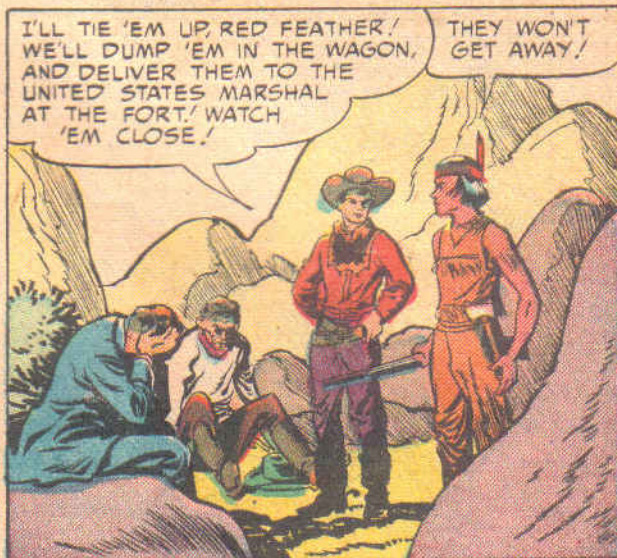
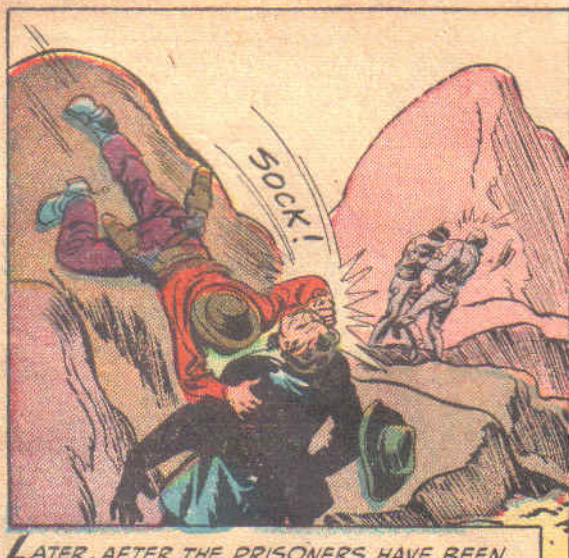
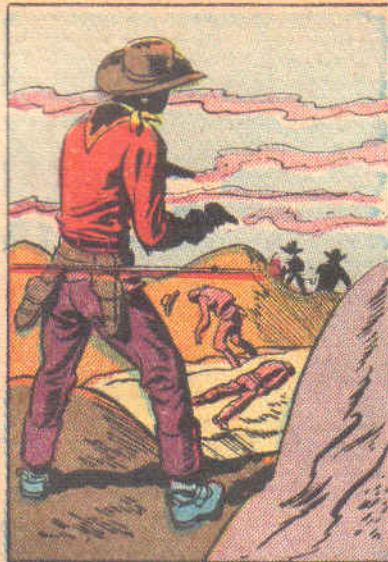
I ONLY HOPE I'M IN TIME!



THAT'S BETTER! HERE, CALICO! FINISH HIM OFF WITH THIS! A KNIFE DOESN'T MAKE ANY NOISE!

OKAY, BOSS! LET ME HAVE IT!





LATER, AFTER THE PRISONERS HAVE BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE MARSHAL, AND THE MACHINERY DELIVERED...

MY TROUBLES ARE REALLY OVER, THANKS TO YOU TWO! THE MARSHAL CLOSED DOWN MORGAN'S FREIGHT LINE...

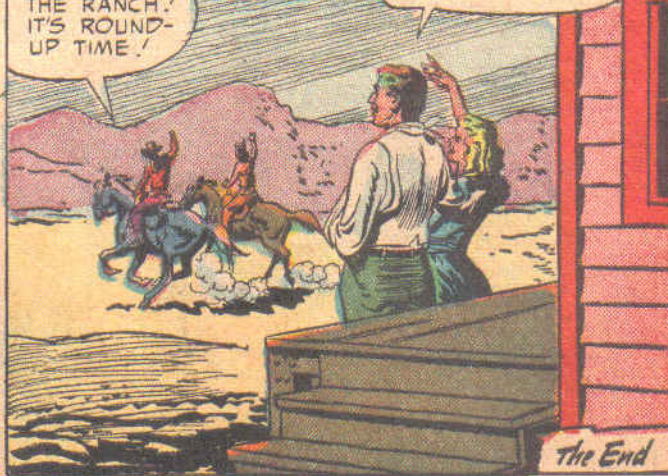
COULDN'T YOU AND RED FEATHER STAY FOR OUR WEDDING?

I RECKON ALL THE BUSINESS!



FATHER WILL BE EXPECTING ME BACK AT THE RANCH! IT'S ROUND-UP TIME!

WE'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR US! GOOD LUCK TO BOTH OF YOU!

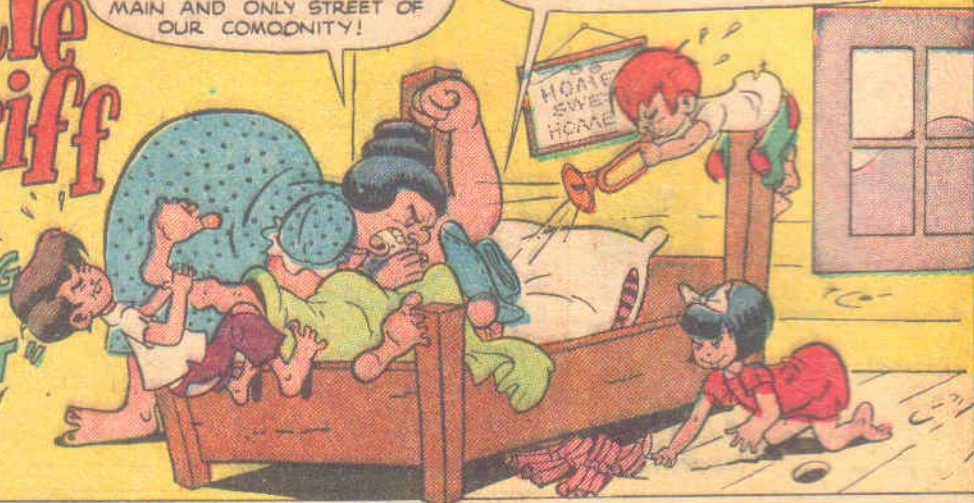


the Little Sheriff

in
**"DANCING
in the
STREET"**

STUMPY BUNYAN! MAYHEM MULVANEY'S ON ANOTHER TEAR AND HE'S A-SHOOTIN' UP THE MAIN AND ONLY STREET OF OUR COMMOUNITY!

YA-A-A-AWN! GOSH A'MIGHTY, MAW! HIT'S FIVE THUTTY P.M.! I'M IN BED FER THE NIGHT!

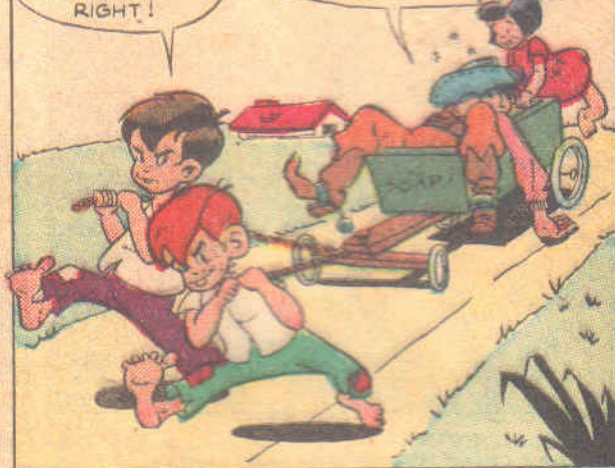


HIT'S YORE BOUNDEN DUTY AS SHERIFF TO DISARM MR. MULVANEY AND TOSS HIM IN THE POKEY!

YORE ASKIN' FER MIRACLES, WOMAN!

POP'LL COOL OFF THAT MAYHEM MULVANEY, ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!

ZZZZZZ--I RESPECTFULLY ASTS YOU TO STOP PLUGGIN' OUR CITIZENS, MR. MULVANEY, SIR --ZZZ--

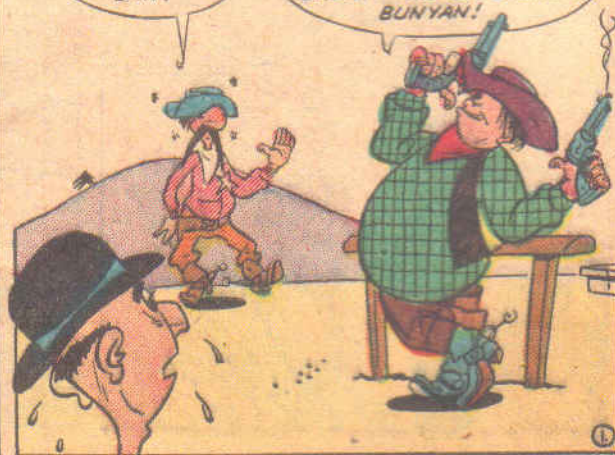
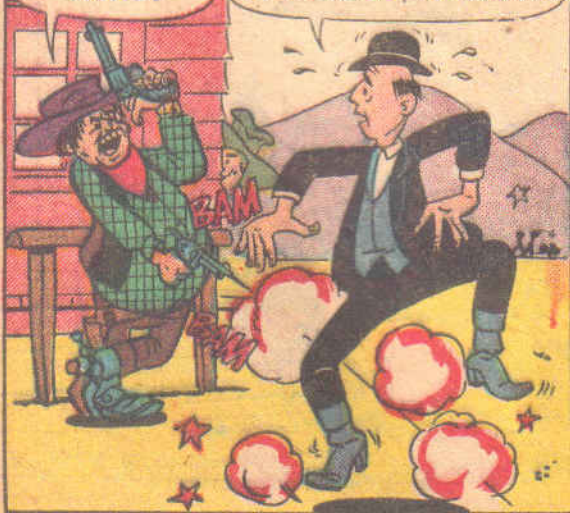


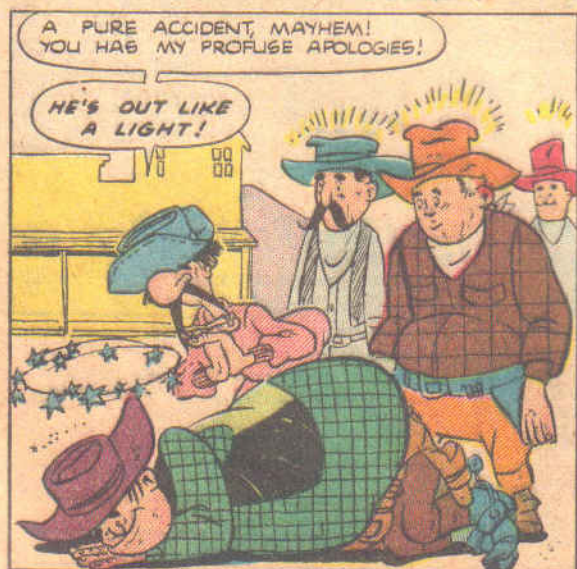
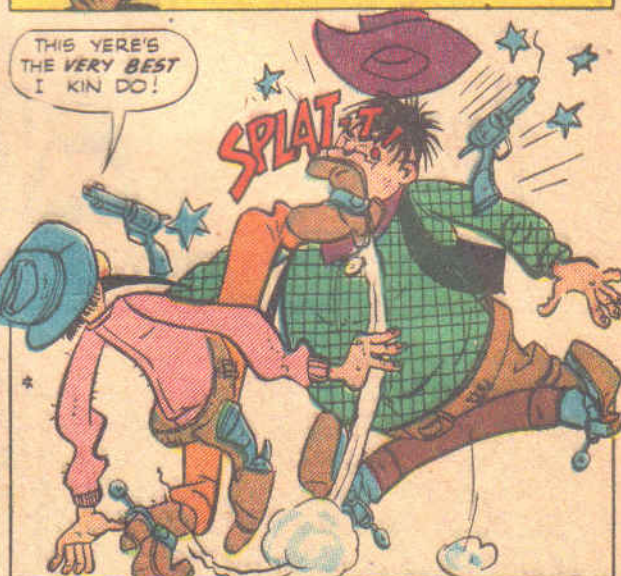
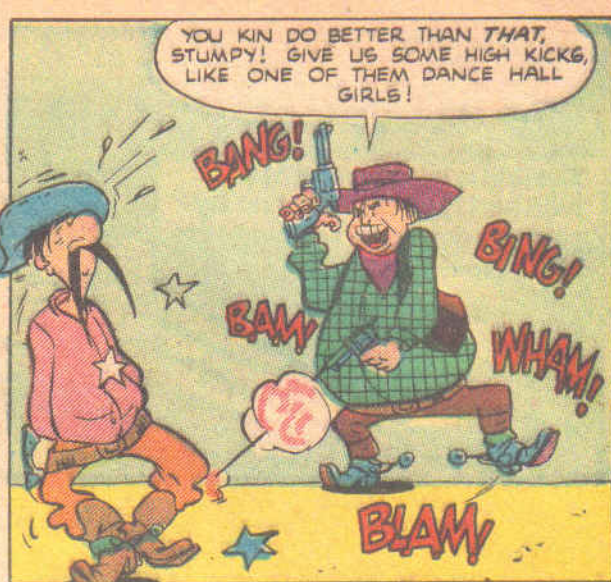
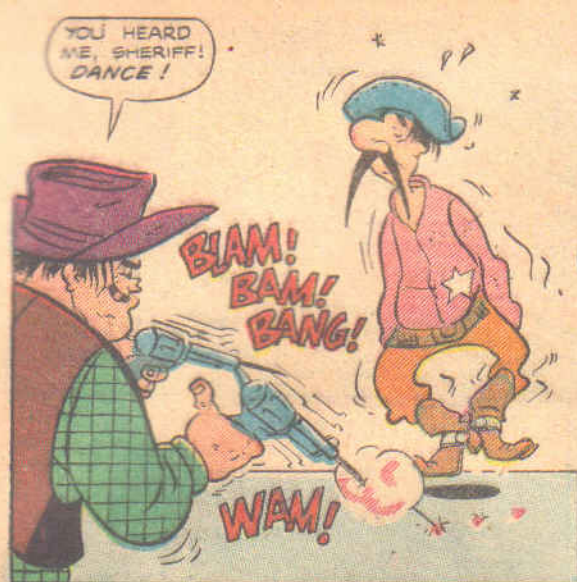
DANCE, I SAID! DANCE!

I'M A-DOIN' MY VERY BEST TERPISCHORIN', MR. MULVANEY!

PLEASE CEASE, MAYHEM, DEAR FRIEND--IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

YOU GIT THIS ONE OUT, DEACON! WERE A-GONNA SEE SOME REAL DANCIN'! NOW--BY OUR FEARLESS SHERIFF--MISTER STUMPY BUNYAN!





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